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GOLF: *July 16 to Aug. 1. Grand International Fortnight*
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Sept. 3 to 6. "Les Coupes d'Or du New Golf"

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JULY · AUGUST · SEPTEMBER

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August 28, Grand Prix de Deauville

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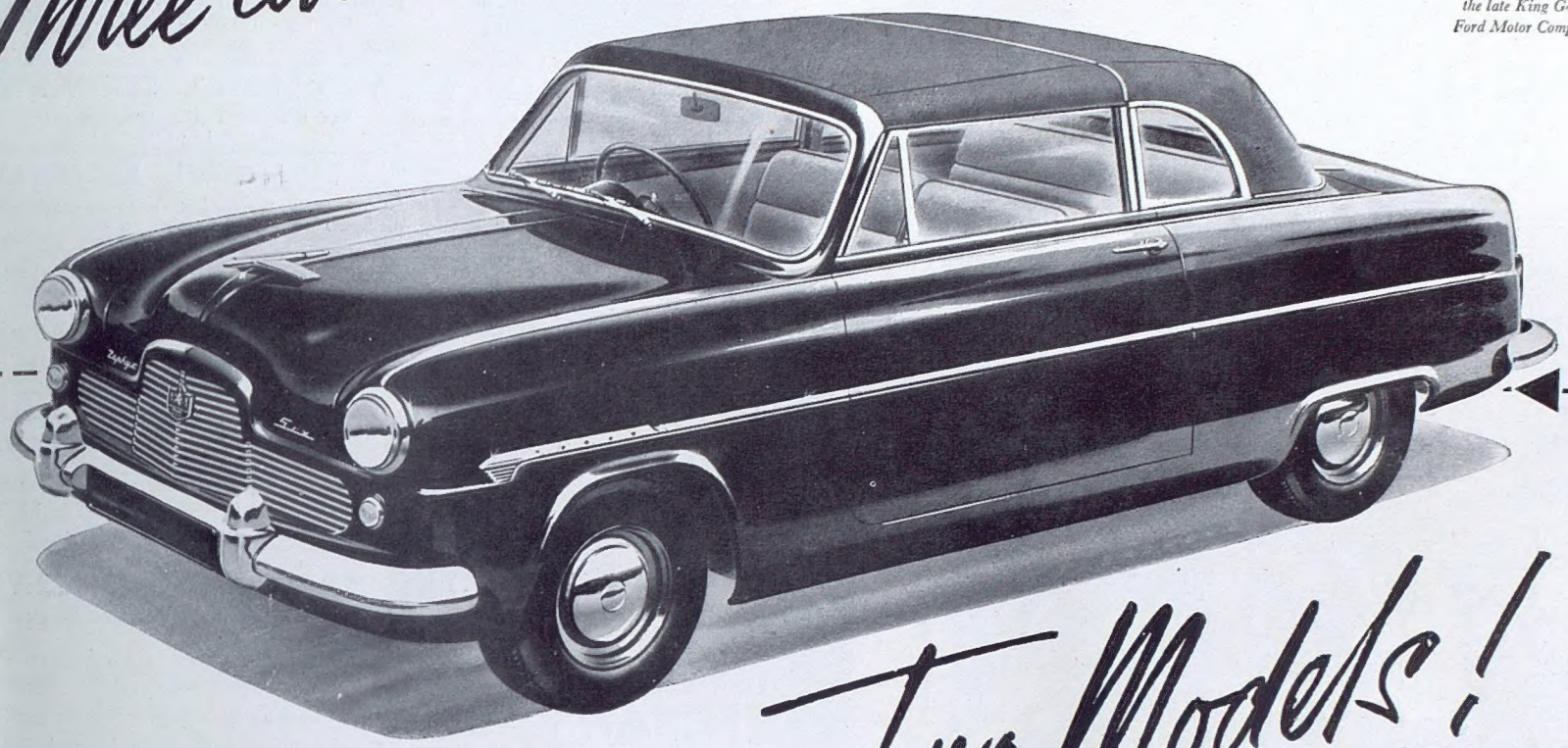

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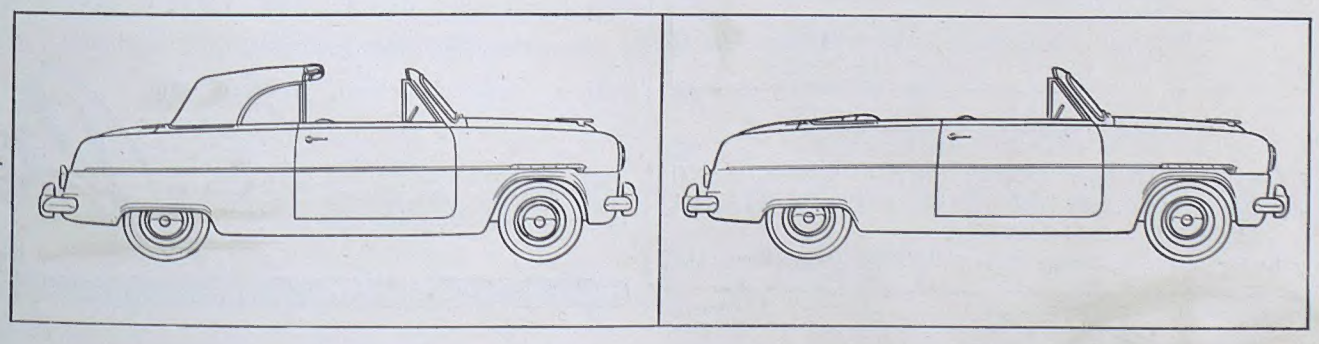

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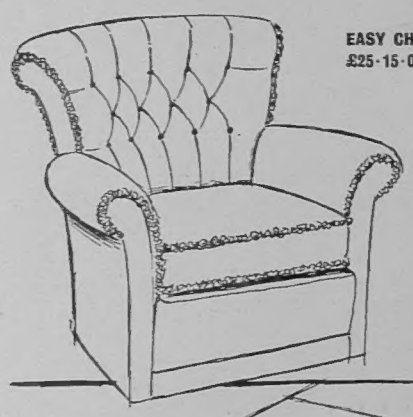

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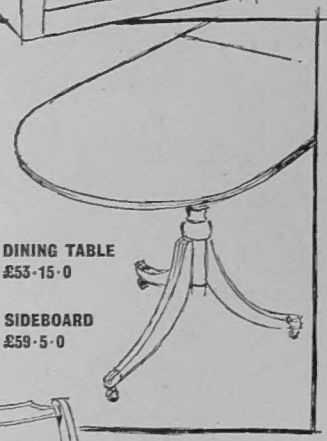

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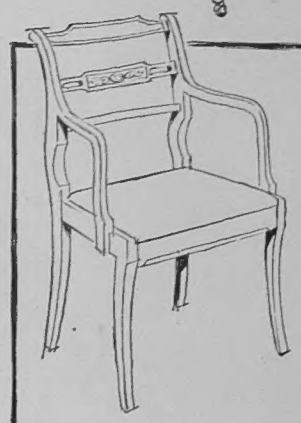

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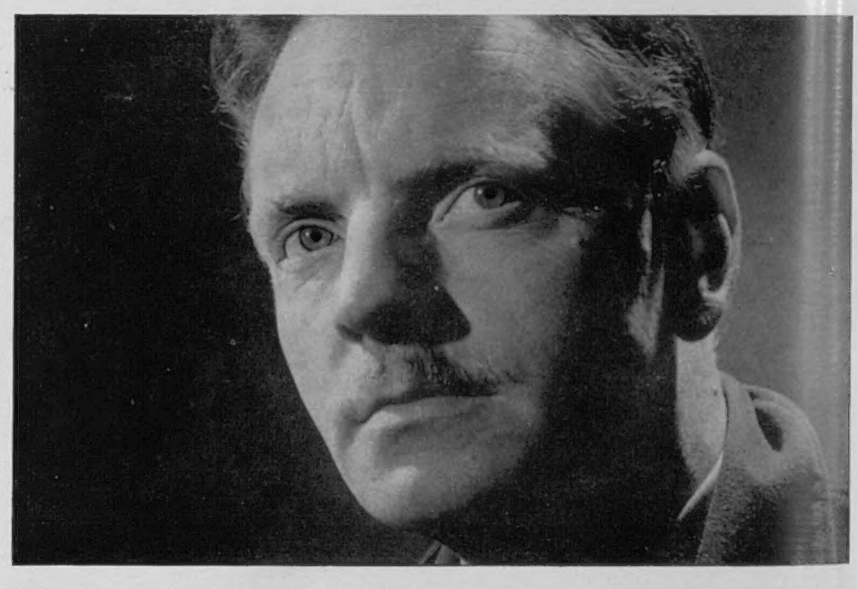

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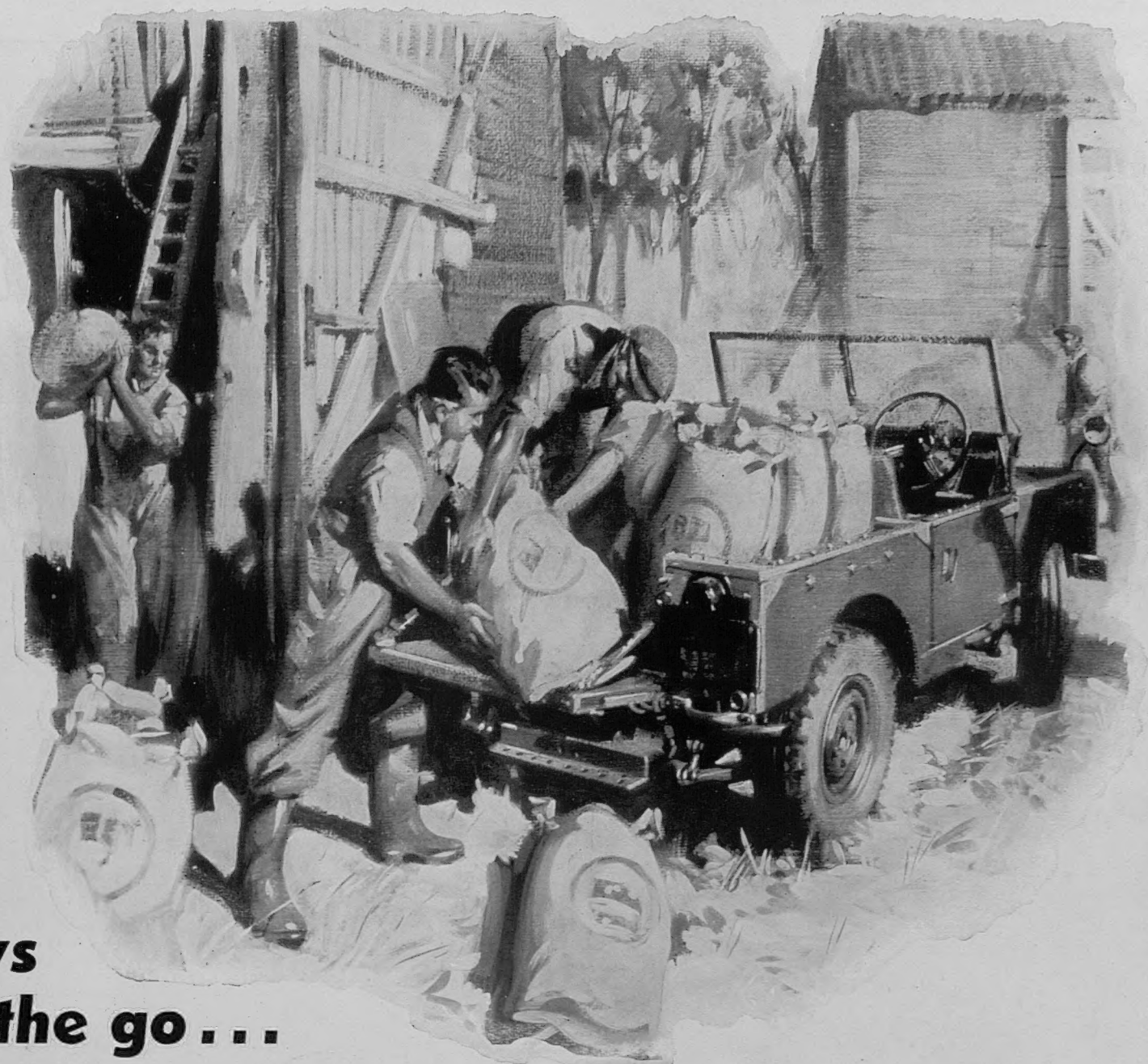

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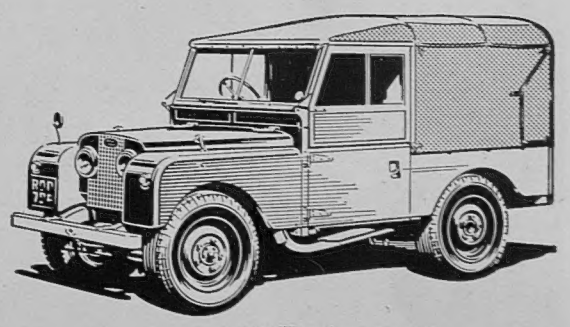

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IN THE NEWS

Only the LAND-ROVER got through

Earlier this year torrential rains washed away all rail and road links between South Africa and Rhodesia. For seven days after this disaster only one vehicle was able to make the journey between the two countries. A Land-Rover not only made what correspondents have described as a "hair-raising" trip, including the crossing of three rivers where bridges had been destroyed by the floods, but even came back the same way. Wherever it goes to work the Land-Rover can take it!

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Volume CCXXI No. 2879

The SPHERE, London, April 16, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

HAIL AND FAREWELL—THE NEW PRIME MINISTER AND HIS GREAT PREDECESSOR SET OUT ON THEIR HISTORIC JOURNEYS TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: *On left*—Sir Anthony Eden leaves the Official Residence of the Foreign Secretary in Carlton Gardens to go to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen invited him to accept office as Prime Minister. *On right*—Sir Winston Churchill comes out of No. 10, Downing Street, on his way to tender his resignation as Prime Minister to Her Majesty, on the previous day.

Sir Anthony is the forty-third man to hold the office of Prime Minister of Great Britain since the name was coined as a term of abuse against Sir Robert Walpole 230 years ago. Sir Anthony's succession to Sir Winston was a foregone conclusion and he brings to his high office a quarter-of-a-century's experience in international affairs. On the day before the Recess both Houses of Parliament paid tribute to Sir Winston, who was not himself present. Messages of appreciation of the retiring Prime Minister came from all over the world. In his fifty-five years in politics Sir Winston has held twelve Government offices. He was twice Prime Minister, in all for over eight years, including five years of the Second World War. According to the statements he has made to his constituents, there is every indication that he intends to continue actively to represent them in the Commons. No one could be more welcome as the Elder Statesman in the nation's affairs. (See also pages 94-99.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN IS PROMOTED IN THE GOVERNMENT CHANGES : Sir Anthony Eden's first task in making changes in his Government was to find a successor to himself at the Foreign Office, and as expected, he chose Mr. Harold Macmillan. The new Foreign Secretary, who is sixty-one, had been Minister of Defence since last October. Before that he was one of the outstanding successes of Sir Winston Churchill's Government as Minister of Housing and Local Government. Mr. Macmillan entered Parliament in 1924 ; he received his first ministerial appointment in 1940, in Churchill's wartime Government.

IN THE GOVERNMENT RESHUFFLE

TWO NEW CABINET MINISTERS : Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, *left*, moves from the Ministry of Supply to the Defence Ministry ; and Lord Home succeeds Lord Swinton as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. Mr. Lloyd, who is fifty, has enjoyed startling success since he entered Parliament in 1945. A well-known barrister, he became Minister of State at the Foreign Office in 1951, and Minister of Supply last October. Lord Home, who is fifty-one, was, as Lord Dunglass, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Neville Chamberlain. from 1937–39, He had been Minister of State at the Scottish Office since 1951.

IN CHARGE OF A MINISTRY FOR THE FIRST TIME : Dr. Charles Hill, *left*, becomes Postmaster-General, and Mr. Reginald Maudling succeeds Mr. Lloyd as Minister of Supply. Dr. Hill, well known before 1950 as the Radio Doctor, succeeded Earl De La Warr in his new Ministry on the same day as the Ministry of Food, of which he was Parliamentary Secretary, was amalgamated with the Ministry of Agriculture. Mr. Maudling, who is thirty-eight, entered Parliament in 1950. He has been a member of the Conservative Party Secretariat responsible for economic matters. Since 1953 he had been Economic Secretary to the Treasury.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Bricks Without Straw ?—I never visited a brick factory. Once, I suppose, straw was a necessary component, and the saying was even more true than " no smoke without fire." So, assuming that straw is a necessary component of a good brick, a brick without straw is a sorry brick. Does that apply to a " Newsletter " written without the aid of newspapers ? If it does, I shelter under it this week. But I am not sure that sheltering is justified. A Newsletter comments on the news. The straight news was still available to our ears. Somebody must start the embroidery—the commentary on it—and the journalist of integrity should strive to be that pioneer. If he fail, he is a copy-cat. He falls back on the wisecracks of other men. So much is true, but not all the truth. The straight news is austerely selected. The small and sometimes stimulating and instructive and amusing items culled from the by-lanes help to vary and sweeten the weekly menu. We can grow surfeited with the joint, the solid fare of international and power politics, and may develop a taste for *bombe glacée* in place of the H-bomb, and long for drawing-room comedy or even farce, to season epic drama and declamation. That is where the newspapers help us. That is where I clutch at a straw.

The Shadow Before.—Party meetings in the constituencies are just now held under, and stimulated by, the shadow of a General Election. We who live in No. 2 The Dukeries (almost No. 1 to-day), West Sussex, of course know little of marginal seats. Our members tell us about the good record of the Tory Government, and we don't disagree ; our noble Presidents and chairmen and vices gild the lily and tell us that " probably no more efficient Government ever held office in Britain. But . . . no complacency." The enemy is at our gate. At the County Council elections—not too well-remembered by good, easy Tories — enemy infiltration from Crawley New Town penetrated in every direction to the very last haunts of Pan. It was nasty of Crawley to do that in a Tory stronghold, since we rustics and dukes pay so heavily as ratepayers for Crawley amenities. " What do they know of Rogate who only Crawley know ? " Of course, it was just a try-out, a balloon to test the General Election wind, and, of course, it was a fairly hopeless gesture. Still, if we are to go on being " safe," we should show just a little more anxiety and responsibility. For when our exuberant members tell us the Socialists are split from top to bottom, and that it is doubtful if they could form a Government, certainly not a Government which could live out its term, I may not cry " Boloney," but I do whisper to my neighbour : " No complacency." It is wonderful how quickly Humpty-Dumpty can glue himself together again when the cock crows for a General Election. And it is wonderful how a sudden domestic crisis can bring a Government down. After all, a General Election in our times is not as general as all that. It merely wins and loses the votes of a very small percentage of voters (called wobblers) who are not dyed-in-the-wool, cast-iron, unpersuadable Conservatives or Socialists in about equal proportions.

Home Topics Humming.—We can list the burning topics which will absorb our interest now, and can assume (unless an international bomb goes up) that these will be domestic. The Budget. The Labour Party's New Look in preparation for the General Election. No Barmecide feast for the gossip and the columnist when they are able to spread their wings and alight on this pollen. The Budget ? The bears have driven the bulls from the market, and there is no sign to-day of a rush to cover. Falling overseas markets, severer competition from the nations who work harder for less, have upset our trade balance, and the great danger for the Chancellor is clearly to find some form of relief to the taxpayer (so necessary under the General Election shadow) which will not result in more spending, but may induce more saving and capital investment. At the moment one omen is good. The nation is saving money as never before. But I can't see that these considerations will bring *me* a late Easter egg. As for the Labour Party's New Look, we cannot, after all, dismiss Mr. Bevan as a No. 1 news-item, though we may have to wait and watch him. For a man not entirely devoid of vanity, who dislikes eating his words, he made a handsome submission, enough to save from the rocks the ship on which they all depend for a livelihood. Nothing can please him more than to serve the cause loyally under Mr. Attlee. Whether or no Messrs. Morrison and Gaitskell and the T.U. chiefs echo that sentiment, time alone will show. They took defeat a little less than graciously. It is possible, though by no means certain, that Mr. Attlee, in glueing one crack, opened another in a more intimate and unsuspected place. But glue and brown-paper, so essential in preparing for an appeal to the country, are still reasonably cheap. And (having proved a fairly good prophet over the Bevan business), I repeat that the Labour Party will prove very formidable when the time comes and will show all the resilience necessary to maintain and fix its New Look.

Who Wants It ?—Whether or no the aphorism that power corrupts be broadly true (and we have instances among our recent premiers that power does not corrupt), there is no doubt that it attracts, and usually wears out the bodily strength of its holder in times as anxious as these. If I were an aspirant for political power, I might find compensations in defeat at the General Election. For, though I try to wear the cloak of optimism, I find it hard to believe that a leader and a Government can be found, strong enough and wise enough to overcome the urgent problems which face us to-day at home and abroad, politically, militarily, economically. And urgent many of them are, appearing to be massing just round the next corner. It was not so long ago that we had in Britain an example of a political party, as fond of power as any other, that preferred to defer those sweets until some of the looming troubles had solved themselves or been tackled by other hands ; and if I were a Socialist leader, howsoever ambitious, I might find relief in defeat in 1955. For, indeed, it seems to me the labours of Hercules await the new Premier's attention, at home and at large, and without specifying in detail, there seems to loom ahead of a Premier, a Foreign Secretary and a Chancellor such a range of difficult problems, of nice calculations and of vicious spirals, which are more likely to age them and mark them than to bring them more garters and niches in Westminster Abbey. The world has been out of joint for ten years, and even a superman of supreme ambition might cry : " O Cursed Spite that ever I was born to set it right ! " But (such is the attraction of power) they will go bald-headed into the lists and damn the consequences. The Queen's Government must be carried on, and there is always the chance of *solvitur ambulando.*

"Solvitur Ambulando."—*Solvitur ambulando* is certainly a comfortable reflection, as Lord Melbourne and other premiers found, and, curiously enough, it suggests sometimes a policy more effective and shrewd than mere *laissez-faire.* For despite the flying hours spent by statesmen making world-wide contacts, quite a number of urgent, insoluble, vital problems have a habit of receding from crisis to mere chronic *malaise* or even effect a cure without doctors. If only pronouncements could be rationed and reserved for heads of States, there would be fewer of these world-shaking crises. If only sabre-rattling military men would confine their activities to drilling their men *and* their tongues, and under-Ministers spend more time in their offices and less on the rostrum, the world would be a less anxious, frightened planet But, as things are, we have been led to expect the opening of a world war at Quemoy and Matsu in a day or two

A COCK-PIT SCHEDULED AS ANCIENT MONUMENT

THE OLD COCK-PIT IN THE YARD OF THE HAWK AND BUCKLE INN AT DENBIGH, NORTH WALES : It is probably the only cock-pit in Britain which has been scheduled as an ancient monument. The pit is believed to have been built by Denbigh noblemen in Stuart times, for the stonework closely resembles that of Denbigh County Hall, which is known to have been erected in that period. Surrounded by a stone wall 30 ins. high, with a gallery for spectators, the internal diameter of the pit was 26 ft. The pit fell into disuse after cock-fighting was made illegal, over a century ago. After that it was used as a pig-weighing centre, as many as 300 pigs being weighed there weekly. The straw-thatched conical roof was re-thatched a few years ago.

an *émeute* in Pakistan, bombshells in Saigon, fire and sword in the Near East, and a life-and-death political grapple in South Africa. I doubt if all these horrors will come about this spring or summer, and there is plenty to do in Whitehall offices during the rest of the life of this Parliament and the first months of the next. It is even possible that when the sensational Press starts its banner headlines again, some of our world crises will be rejected as old junk.

Book of the Month.—Mine is not a name to swear by in literary criticism. Sometimes I wish it was a name to swear at—by authors and publishers. For, indeed, I am too often tricked by their blurb, and I find that about half the book reviews published every week are of little more value than a transcript of the wrapper blurb. All honour to the surviving critics who adhere to integrity. Time and again I have ordered a book of the month or a "superb masterpiece," only to find it obscure, dingy and, to me, without charm or interest. Of course, I know why this is, *in part*: Old age creeping on. The boy brought up on Stevenson or Scott cannot expect, as a septuagenarian, to appreciate the soul-torturing psychology of the young moderns or the clumsy historical novel based on Nelson's or Byron's love-affairs in total disregard of documentary evidence and full of post-war slang. I have to acknowledge myself an old stager who "doesn't know much about literature but knows what he likes." That is part of the trouble. But not the whole. The courageous, independent critics of books are too few. And too many are the novels published every week. No critic of integrity can review a large number of books in a week; he can do no more than "notice" them, after a glance at the blurb and a lucky dip in the index. What the reader too often obtains for guidance is but the boost of an author or his publisher, hard-pressed in the struggle to survive. It may be necessary as a short-term expedient. On the long view, it is risky. For, if the reader's faith in literary criticism is shaken, his appetite for modern literature may sicken and slowly die. It seems to me that the first effect will fall on the library *guaranteed* subscription. It is hardly worth paying for. The only guidance I can now derive comes from the opinions of trusted friends on new books they have *read*. Therefore, it is best to put off reading new books for six months. In short, an unguaranteed subscription is cheaper, and more likely to be effective.

Gardens and Historic Houses.—The eye of faith and hope scans the new and attractive yellow book of the National Gardens Scheme and notes the items it will feast upon this year. The business is already afoot. There is plenty to feast on in April in the bulb line, even if the flowering shrubs are backward. There are, moreover, some new entries. Thanks to enchanting Furzey's generosity in opening every day of the year, Hampshire and the New Forest can usually afford a field-day to garden-lovers, for Furzey can, by judicious choice in April (and, indeed, later), be combined with such larger plums as Exbury or Pylewell. There is another notable occasion this April on the Hants–West Sussex border. To-day, April 16, at the invitation of the owners and the National Trust, the Duke of Norfolk will open Up Park, that most interesting and romantic house (of which I have sometimes written in The Sphere), as one more National Trust property, available soon to the public, and destined assuredly to be a place of pilgrimage by the discerning for years to come. The place is worth a journey for the view alone on a clear day away over to the Isle of Wight, sparkling like an emerald set in diamonds or sapphires. Inside the house there is displayed a Victoria and Albert Museum in miniature, full of romantic family history.

A Spring Miracle?—Our varied and usually temperate climate in South England generally results in a slow release of the sweets of spring. This year it looks as if we shall see the miracle of a Russian spring, a one-day transformation from amber to green. The bees will hum, the sulphur butterflies flutter, the cuckoo call, the birches show green, the grass throw off its dismal russet, the flowering shrubs cascade with pink and white, and even the cabbages take heart, all on a single day. There never was a spring so backward. For weeks on end the north-easter was constant and keen, almost every night there was keen or slight frost. The last vestige of snow which fell seven weeks ago vanished only lately. And we have enjoyed our invariable spring drought, with sunshine in plenty, without enjoying any of its benefits, save that which enabled the farmer to make up lost time. What a day it will be, the miracle day. But, for my part, I would rather that spring came in driblets. The interval between spring and high summer (and its completeness and satiety) is always all too short.

The Old Stager

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

AN ARTIST IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Drawings and Article by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

ALSO

OLD LIMEHOUSE WATERFRONT

JACK MERRIOTT, R.I., Illustrates and L. M. BATES Describes one of London's Last Barge-builders

THE NEW WESTMINSTER PIER IS TOWED IN POSITION

THE REPAIRED PIER IS MADE READY FOR THE SUMMER TRAFFIC: It was towed in position close to Westminster Bridge, a few days before the Easter holiday, after repairs had been made in Millwall Dry Dock. The original pontoons are being used but extensive repairs have had to be made to the pier buildings.

On left—

FLASHBACK TO FEBRUARY, WHEN THE PIER SLIPPED BENEATH THE THAMES: The pier sank after a pontoon, which had sprung a leak, filled with water. Fire-engines and a firefloat tried unsuccessfully to pump water out, and by high tide the structure was almost covered. The pontoon affected was the one nearest the embankment wall, which held up the shore-brows and the gangways.

EXTENSIVE ROAD REPAIRS IN FLEET STREET

WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE RESURFACING OF THE THOROUGHFARE BETWEEN TEMPLE BAR AND LUDGATE CIRCUS: Workmen are seen sorting the broken lumps of concrete in readiness for their removal. In the actual resurfacing of Fleet Street the old wood blocks are being replaced by rough surface asphalt. While one side of the street is being repaired single-line traffic in each direction is allowed on the other side. Before the resurfacing, repairs were made to the mains which run under the street. The work is expected to take several more weeks. Near Ludgate Circus several old cellars were discovered under the street. After examination by officials they were filled in.

A Review of Last Week's News

Pictures of the outrages in Cyprus, and of other events at home and abroad

TERRORISM BREAKS OUT IN CYPRUS : The radio station of the Cyprus Broadcasting Service, in Nicosia, was one of the worst hit buildings on the outbreak of terrorism on the island during the past fortnight. This picture shows some of the damage done to the station's transmitting room. Terrorism on a scale and of a virulence reminiscent of Palestine broke out in all parts of Cyprus to coincide with the trial of the thirteen accused of conspiracy to promote civil war. Apart from the radio station, attacks were made on other prominent buildings in Nicosia, as well as in Famagusta, Limassol, and Larnaca. Damage was also done at British barracks and ordnance depots, including Middle East Headquarters. The terrorists, who were armed, used Molotov cocktails of petrol and sticks of dynamite. The British Government protested strongly against the inflammatory broadcasts from Athens radio encouraging the terrorists.

TROOPS STAND BY TO DEFEND THEMSELVES : Signallers at the Middle East Land Forces headquarters in Cyprus, at Wolseley Barracks, are seen after they were called out in the middle of the night following attacks by terrorists armed with Molotov cocktails.

On right—

A RAILWAY CRASH IN WHICH TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WERE INJURED : The New York Central Pacemaker train lies scattered along the railway track at Schodack, fifteen miles south of Albany, N.Y., after running into a fall of rock. The engine can be seen on its side in Schodack Creek, part of the Hudson River. The driver and the fireman escaped with their lives but were seriously injured. The wreckage blocked two main-line tracks and the blockage was further complicated when a wrecking crane on its way to the crash became derailed.

THE BELGIAN KING VISITS THE SCENE OF DISASTER : King Baudouin is seen with officials looking at the wrecked cinema near Liége, where thirty-nine people lost their lives in a fire. Most of those killed were children who were crushed during the mad rush for the exits.

THE GUTTED REMAINS OF THE BELGIAN CINEMA, WHERE THIRTY-FOUR CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES : The cinema, which is at Sclessin, near Liége, had a seating capacity of over 200, but at the time of the fire there were only some 130 people in the audience. Altogether 39 people were killed.

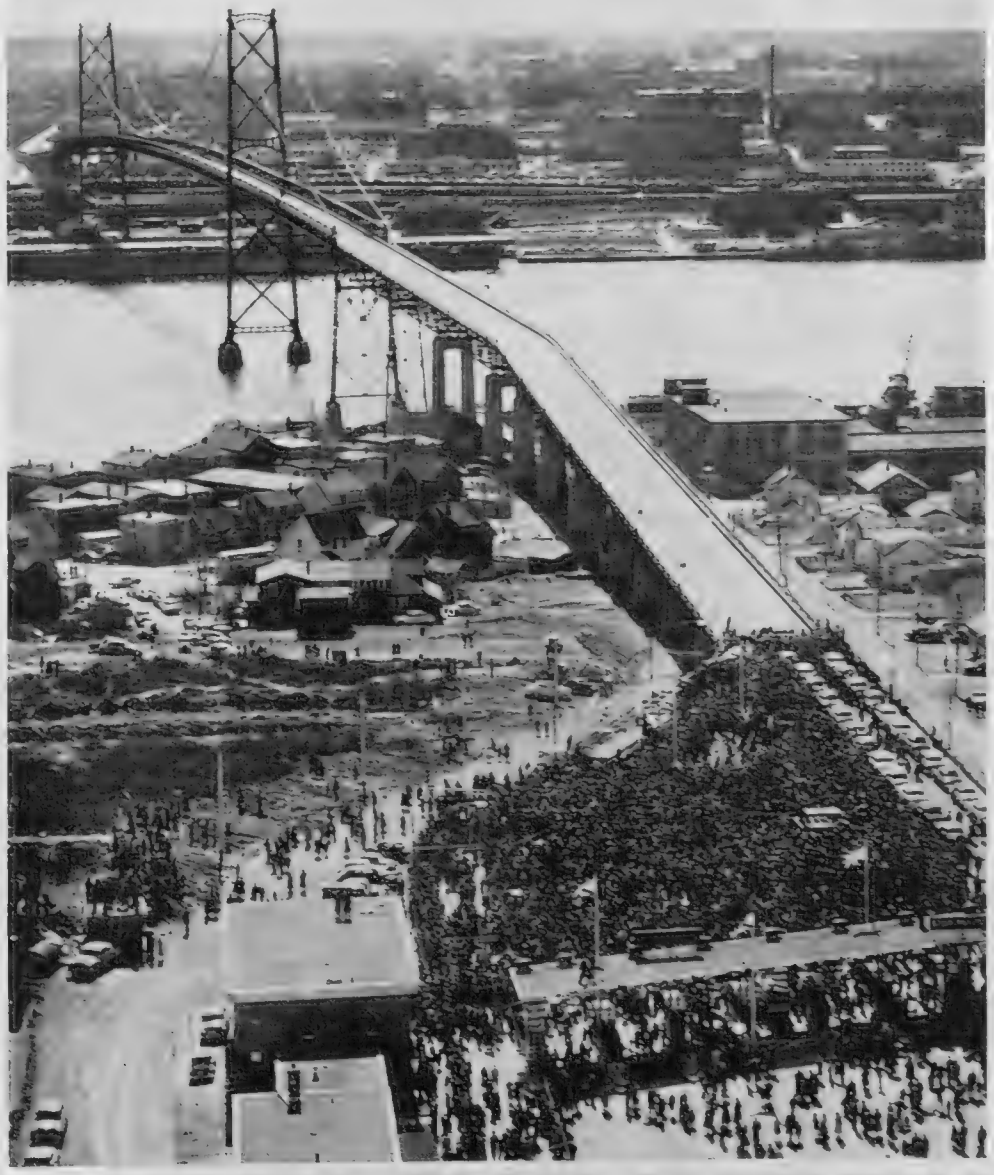
According to eye-witnesses, the fire at the Sclessin cinema started at six o'clock in the evening during a children's performance. The first intimation that the audience had of the disaster was when the screen dissolved into flames, effectively blocking the emergency exit situated below the screen. The fire spread easily and rapidly by means of the pressed cardboard fittings and furnishings of the theatre, which was completely destroyed within fifteen minutes of the outbreak. Thirty-four of the victims were aged between two and thirteen years, and most of the were the children of Italians who work in the mines near Outside the cinema, the firemen's work was hampered the intense heat and by the large, hysterical crowd wh gathered, composed mainly of the parents of children at show. Police were called to keep the crowd under con The firemen drenched neighbouring houses to prevent flames spreading. It is thought that the fire broke when a reservoir of paraffin, used for heating, explod

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF MALENKOV : The former Soviet Prime Minister is seen at a conference of the Soviet leaders in the Kremlin. From the left, in front, are—Mr. Malenkov ; Mr. Khrushchev, the Secretary-General of the Communist Party ; Marshal Bulganin, the Prime Minister ; Mr. Molotov ; and Mr. Kaganovitch, a Vice-Chairman of the Council of Ministers. At the extreme right, behind, is another Vice-Chairman of the Council, Mr. Mikoyan. The purpose of the conference was to discuss Soviet agricultural policy. This is a subject on which Mr. Khrushchev has made recent pronouncements. Differences on this question between himself and Mr. Malenkov were believed to be one of the causes of the latter's resignation earlier this year. Mr. Malenkov was also last week at a reception at the Hungarian Embassy in Moscow. At the same time, from Communist China comes news of a purge. As a result, the Chinese Vice-Premier, Kao Kang, has committed suicide. Once he was regarded as a likely successor to Mao Tse-tung.

AFTER THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS : The London County Council meeting in County Hall under their new Chairman after the elections. *On left*—Mr. Norman G. Pritchard, who was elected Chairman of the L.C.C. in succession to Mr. Victor Mishcon. Labour retained control of the Council, but with a reduced majority, losing fourteen seats to the Conservatives. In other parts of the country a trend towards the Conservatives was revealed at the County Council Elections. Labour lost control of at least five county councils—in Essex Lancashire, Carmarthenshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Staffordshire.

HATS IN THE AIR AFTER GRADUATION : Apprentices at the Royal Air Force Technical Training School at Halton throw their hats in the air at the end of Graduation Day. Prizes were presented to Apprentices who had finished their training. At a march past, the salute was taken by Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire. At Halton, boys from fifteen to seventeen learn all branches of aircraft engineering.

"NAVY DAYS" AT CHATHAM—H.M.S. "KINGFISHER," THE NAVY'S SUBMARINE RESCUE BELL SHIP, ON SHOW TO THE PUBLIC : In the foreground is the bell which can be lowered to a depth of 850 ft. for the release of men trapped in a submerged submarine. It forms part of the equipment of H.M.S. *Kingfisher*, which was converted from a salvage rescue ship to a submarine rescue bell ship in 1953-54. H.M.S. *Kingfisher* was one of the several ships on show when Chatham Dockyard was open to the public last week-end. Other exhibits in the Easter "Navy Days" were to include a guided missile, to be seen by the public for the first time, and a display by motor-cyclists of an R.N. Provost Unit.



A MILE-LONG BRIDGE OVER HALIFAX HARBOUR—THE SECOND LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH : This was the scene when Mrs. Macdonald, the widow of the late Premier of Nova Scotia, opened the Angus L. Macdonald suspension bridge, which links Halifax with the neighbouring town of Dartmouth. The two towers of the bridge are 326 ft. in height and the bridge itself has a vertical clearance over the water of 165 ft. The roadway is 27 ft. wide. The opening ceremony, which was attended by many thousands of the citizens of Dartmouth and Halifax, was given a dramatic touch when aircraft of the Royal Canadian Air Force staged a flypast. Three ships of the Canadian Navy, H.M.C.S. *Algonquin*, *Nootka* and *Penetang*, then passed under the bridge in procession. After the bridge had been dedicated by the Hon. Henry D. Hicks, Premier of the Province, the official party crossed to attend a reception held on board H.M.C.S. *Stadacona*. Mrs. Macdonald was presented with a free pass for the bridge, the only one which will be issued. The bridge, which cost 10,000,000 dollars to build, is thought of as more than just another amenity. It is the first completed project in a programme designed to strengthen the economy of Nova Scotia.

FOREIGN REVIEW

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECENT EVENTS IN THE NEAR EAST, NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA AND IN EUROPE

ENTENTE BETWEEN TURKEY AND THE LEBANON : President Bayar of Turkey (centre, left) and President Camille Chamoun of the Lebanon are seen inspecting a guard of honour at Ankara Airport after the latter's arrival in Turkey from Rome. President Chamoun, who was accompanied by his wife, ended a few days ago his eleven-day official visit to Turkey. Also in Ankara was Mr. Sami Solh, the Lebanese Prime Minister. During President Chamoun's stay in Ankara, a statement was issued expressing mutual desire for close and active co-operation between the two countries. This co-operation is evidently outside the Turkish-Iraqi Mutual Co-operation Pact to which Britain has adhered, and which Pakistan has been invited to join. The Lebanon may be loth to join this Pact until neighbouring Syria is willing to accede to it ; this will depend on a considerable improvement in relations between Syria and Turkey. It was recently reported that the Turks had despatched some 30,000 troops to the Syrian border.

THE THREE-DAY DEPOSITION OF THE IMAM OF THE YEMEN : King Ahmed, Imam of the Yemen, is seen with one of his sons at a reception in Taez. For three days last week his younger brother, Seif el Islam Abdullah, who had been Foreign Minister, reigned as Imam after deposing King Ahmed. It was said that the Imam's bodyguards had been defeated in a clash with Yemen military forces. Within two days, however, the Imam's eldest son, Emir Seif el Islam el Basr, was making for the capital at the head of a large army of tribesmen. When this became known Emir Abdullah fled the capital and King Ahmed was restored to his throne.

On right—

TRAFFIC JAM ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN : The imposition of a new and crippling road tax by the East German Government on vehicles entering and leaving Berlin led to this pile-up of lorries at a West Berlin checkpoint. The drivers were hoping to make one more trip before the new tax came into force. The levy which the East German authorities have imposed as from the beginning of April increases the tolls to be paid by road transport by amounts varying between 100 and 1,000 per cent. Something like 44 per cent. of West Berlin's supplies are brought into the city by road, and it is estimated that West Berlin lorries and omnibuses alone would have to pay £1,800,000 a year more in tolls. The City Council voted £130,000 to subsidise road transport in the first fortnight of the new tolls. At the same time, it appealed to the Allied Powers and the Federal Government to do everything to get the new rates abolished. The Western Powers argue that the new tolls are in defiance of the 1949 four-Power agreement which was signed at the end of the Berlin blockade.

A NEW ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRADE AGREEMENT : The ceremony in the Golden Hall of the Argentine Ministry of Foreign Relations and Trade in Buenos Aires, when a new trade agreement between Britain and Argentina was concluded. Signing are (left) Sir Francis Edward Evans, the British Ambassador in Buenos Aires, and right, Dr. Jerónimo Remorino, the Argentine Minister of Foreign Relations and Trade. Behind the British Ambassador, in a dark suit, is Dr. Domingo Derisi, the Argentine Ambassador to Britain, and sitting extreme right is Dr. Antonio F. Cafiero, Minister of Finance. Dating from last July, the agreement provides for an exchange of goods to the value of £170,000,000 in the next two years.

"APRIL RENDEZ-VOUS" IN PARIS—FRENCH INSURANCE WORKERS DEMONSTRATE : Police intervene as some of the demonstrators carrying banners obstruct the traffic near the Opera. This was one of the few incidents in an otherwise orderly demonstration by several thousand insurance workers who, with the approval of their Union, are seeking an increase in pay. They were holding a mass meeting in the centre of Paris to confirm their determination to stage the much advertised " April Rendez-vous " demonstrations unless their demands were met

SMOKESCREENS TO REDUCE THE EXTENT OF HEAT FLASH AFTER A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION : A smoke generator being made ready for use at the Smoke Seminar held at Mannheim, Germany, by the United States Seventh Army's 4th Chemical Battalion. *On left*—An aerial view of the smokescreen operation at Mannheim, only three minutes after it had begun. The smoke completely blankets the experimental area from air observation. Based on the principle that white clouds reflect and so reduce the heat of the sun, experiments to determine the effectiveness of smoke as a screen from thermo-nuclear heat began in 1951. At Hiroshima the flash from the atomic explosion covered an area of 16 sq. miles, compared with the 3 sq. miles damaged by blast. Present information indicates that smokescreens of the type demonstrated at Mannheim have cut the range of heat destruction from 1,800 yards to 750 yards. Eventually it is hoped to limit the area of heat flash to that of blast.

A ROCKET ON A WIRE FOR THE FRENCH ARMY : Three pictures which show the S-S 10 surface-to-surface guided missile, which is to be issued to units of the French Army. *On left*—The operator with the controls which enable him to steer the missile towards the target. *Centre*—The rockets in their boxlike launching ramps. *Above, right*—A rocket motor has been started and the missile streaks away to its target. Designed primarily as an anti-tank weapon, the S-S 10 is unusual in that the electrical impulses used for guidance are conveyed through a wire which is trailed behind the rocket. The range is said to be a little under 1 mile and the missile is obviously intended for short-range front-line work. The S-S 10 is claimed to be able to pierce any known type of armour plating. As an anti-tank weapon it should be most effective. After launching the missile in the general direction of the enemy tank, the operator will, through his control box and the wires, be able to make any corrections in course necessary through evasive manoeuvres by the tank.

THE BRITISH MISSION WHICH WENT TO NEVADA TO WATCH AMERICA'S ATOM TESTS : The party is seen on its arrival at Idlewild Airport, New York. Later they went to Yucca Flats, Nevada. From left are Brigadier J. K. Shepheard, of War Office Research and Development ; Captain R. I. A. Sarrell, of the Admiralty Research Staff ; Dr. R. H. Purcell, Chief Scientific Officer at the Home Office ; Rear-Admiral J. W. Yendall, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff ; Sir William Penney, Director of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston ; Lieut.-General Sir James Cassels, Director-General of Military Training ; General Sir Sidney Kirkman, Director-General of Civil Defence at the Home Office ; Mr. C. A. Adams, Scientific Officer at the Ministry of Supply ; Air Commodore L. E. Jarman, of the Ministry of Defence ; and Group Captain S. Menaul, of the Air Staff.

SIX ELDERLY WOMEN DIE IN A BERGEN FIRE : Firemen fighting to control the blaze at the Frøkenstiftelsen, in Bergen. They were also preventing it from spreading to neighbouring buildings. The Frøkenstiftelsen was a home for elderly spinsters which was endowed and built more than a hundred years ago. Five of the elderly women were trapped in the blazing house and lost their lives. A sixth was rescued from a window by firemen, but died later on her way to hospital. Many of the other inhabitants of the home were able to escape, despite the fact that the whole building was ablaze within fifteen minutes of the discovery of the fire, which started in a cupboard.

Farewell at Downing Street

The Queen is Entertained at Dinner by Sir Winston Churchill on the Historic Night Before His Retirement from Office

AT THE END OF AN HISTORIC EVENING : Sir Winston and Lady Churchill stand at the door of No. 10 as the Queen leaves after the farewell dinner.

THE QUEEN ARRIVES : Thousands crowded into Downing Street and round its approaches to watch her being greeted by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. Some fifty distinguished guests were invited to the dinner, which marked the end of Sir Winston's second term as Prime Minister. Next day he handed over his seals of office to the Queen.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS WELCOMED : The light glints on awards, orders and medals. The first decoration Sir Winston received was the Spanish Order of Military Merit in 1895.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER : Lady Eden precedes Sir Anthony into No. 10 for the dinner. Sir Winston's successor was wearing the Order of the Garter, which was awarded him last year. He waved to the loudly cheering crowd as he followed his wife into their future Official Residence.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE: Sir Winston first held office as Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1906. Two years later he was promoted President of the Board of Trade.

THE INSPIRATION OF EMPIRE UNITY: The Secretary for the Colonies in 1921 was devoting himself to the task which has always been near his heart, the preservation and development of the British Empire. For the warrior who fought at Omdurman, Britain and the Commonwealth glow with compelling radiance.

The Change at Downing Street

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

Among Prime Ministers He Already Ranks with Pitt. To Fifty-five Years of Political Life He has Brought an Overpowering Sense of Greatness

By HUGH MASSINGHAM

THERE is no one to take his place. Even when the House was at its dullest, he had only to appear and the Chamber would instantly come alive: every eye would be turned on to that expressive face.

Sir Winston's features are the least remarkable part of him: no stranger, looking at him for the first time, would guess that he is one of the greatest war leaders this country has ever had—the equal of Lloyd George and Pitt. His face is just a pink cherubic round, in which the nose and mouth seem to have been stuck on by a careless hand. But it so minutely reflects his moods that everybody knows what to expect merely by glancing at it. Sometimes the pushed-out jaw and tightened lips show the seriousness of his mind. Then there are the days when his eyes sparkle and his face beams with mischief: a joke is clearly on the way. Even when at rest, the face immobile and the eyes shut, his personality is so powerful his mere presence seems to keep every Member on a wire of attention.

Churchill is so different, partly because he learnt the arts and wiles of his craft in a more leisurely age, when there was no wireless or television, and the set speech, lasting well over an hour, was the only way a politician could make his views known. He is not even a natural speaker: everything has been learnt the hard way. "Winston," as the late Lord Birkenhead once said, "has devoted the best years of his life to the preparation of his impromptu speeches," and it is quite true. Throughout his career Churchill has spent hours in polishing every word and phrase: indeed, there was a time when he learnt his speeches off by heart. Even in the war he would put everything temporarily aside if he had to address the House. "I did not grudge," he says in the *Hinge of Fate*, "the twelve or fourteen hours of concentrated thought which 10,000 words of original composition on a vast, many-sided subject demanded. . . ."

Every speech is as carefully constructed as a play. The curtain goes up to a fanfare, the forces of good and evil make their bow and give us their motives and aims. In Act II these gigantic armies are deployed and meet in battle to stirring Wagnerian music. Finally, in Act III, the confusion is miraculously dissolved and we are presented with a tableau of what will happen if evil triumphs and the good is overwhelmed.

This account leaves out the wonderful subtleties of a Churchill speech. Knowing that an audience can take only a certain amount of high thinking, he cunningly puts little asides and passages to raise a laugh or relieve the tension. His performance at the last Conservative Conference was a remarkable example. The tone was often grave and the argument sustained. Yet he never allowed the audience to get bored or lose the drift. Every so often there would be a pause, the great baby face would be in a quiver of amusement, and the audience began smiling even before he announced the joke.

He was full of all those tricks we know so well. He sometimes mangled words so horribly that they were almost impossible to recognise: he coined "myridges" out of mirages, for instance. When he was handing out bouquets to the good boys of the school, he looked carefully round the platform before he singled anybody out by name, muttering meanwhile, "I don't want to throw them about in the wrong direction." And there was the splendid moment half-way through the speech when he paused to sip a glass of water. "Cheers!" shouted some irreverent spirit from the back of the hall. "I only do this to show you that I can," he said, ogling us over his glasses.

In the House he will, with infinite artfulness, include a sentence so provocative that he knows it will produce a chorus of protest. He will word it in such a way that he will be sure of the interjection, and will have prepared the devastating answer. Churchill always

(Continued on following pages)

HE FORCED BRITISH POLITICIANS TO REALISE THE POTENTIALITIES OF AIR POWER: In 1914—the First Lord of the Admiralty and his wife inspect aeroplanes at Hendon. He frequently flew himself—to the anxiety of his Cabinet colleagues—and gave great encouragement to the infant Naval Flying Service. From the time he was appointed First Lord he showed a grasp and comprehension of defence problems for which the world of to-day is everlastingly grateful.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P.

Member of Parliament

1900–1906	Oldham (Conservative).
1906–1908	N.W. Manchester (Liberal).
1908–1922	Dundee (Liberal and later Liberal-Coalitionist).
1924–1945	Epping (Conservative).
From 1945	Woodford (Conservative).

Government Offices

1906–1908	Under-Secretary for Colonies.
1908–1910	President of the Board of Trade.
1910–1911	Home Secretary.
1911–1915	First Lord of the Admiralty.
1915	Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
1917–1918	Minister of Munitions.
1919–1921	Secretary for War and Air.
1921	Secretary for Air and Colonies.
1921–1922	Secretary for Colonies.
1924–1929	Chancellor of the Exchequer.
1939–1940	First Lord of the Admiralty.
1940–1945	Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, Minister of Defence.
1951–1955	Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury. (Minister of Defence 1951-2).

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL *(continued)*

WITH HIS FIRST POLITICAL LEADER: Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill with Lord Balfour in 1923. When Churchill entered the Commons as a Conservative in 1900, "A.J.B." was Leader of the House, succeeding Lord Salisbury as Premier in 1902. However, it was not surprising that the son of Lord Randolph Churchill soon fell out with the Tories.

THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE: At the Election which led to the first Labour Government in 1924, Churchill was standing as an Independent for Westminster. In retrospect it seems curious the voters should have rejected the appeal of "Winston for West minster." At the second election of 1924 he was returned as Conservative for Epping.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: He returned to office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Baldwin Conservative Government of 1924, remaining there five years. Whatever his views, he was an established figure with the electorate, as can be seen from this informal occasion in the late '20's.

"IN THE WILDERNESS": The Conservative candidate is returned for Epping in the election of 1935. In the middle '30's he was a lone voice crying against the ambitions of Hitler. Month after month he carried on his great campaign to rouse Britain to the danger.

A DISTINGUISHED GROUP AT A PRESS CLUB LUNCH IN 1925: From the left are Lord Birkenhead (Secretary for India), Mr. Baldwin, Prime Minister, Mr. Edgar Wallace, M. Fleurieu (the French Ambassador) and Mr. Churchill.

THE GENERAL STRIKE: The Chancellor of the Exchequer is grave as he arrives in Downing Street for a Cabinet Meeting during the great industrial upheaval of 1926. He had a hand in the production of the official *British Gazette*.

(Continued from previous page)

thrives when there is a rowdy scene. Standing at the despatch-box, watching his intended victims with an amused eye, he will wait until the uproar has subsided before throwing his dart in reply. It has seldom failed to find its mark.

Like another great English character, W. G. Grace, he has never recognised that there are any rules—or, rather, he stretches the rules to their absolute limit. He can be wonderfully generous, but he will give no quarter. Like Grace in cricket, Churchill has never believed that politics is a polite parlour game run by simpering curates. He will take every advantage of his opponent's weaknesses—and, afterwards, stand crowing at the despatch-box.

This attitude of his not only emphasises that he is a man of action: it reveals him as an aristocrat and a man who belongs to a less anæmic age than our own. The modern idea is that politics is a sort of "What's My Line." Churchill, who springs from the great Marlborough, knows better than this. He recognises politics for the ruthless battle that it is.

And yet the extraordinary thing is that although he can wound, he has for years been the least hated man in the House. The English dearly love a character—and Winston is certainly that. Besides, as time has flowed on, he has grown wonderfully mellow: there is no rasping hatred behind his jabs and barbs. When he retires from Parliament, he will be missed almost as much by his Labour opponents as by his supporters.

Among the silver spoons that the good fairy slipped into Sir Winston's gurgling lips when he was born was the priceless asset of a dashing and romantic father. Lord Randolph Churchill was the most picturesque figure the Tories had turned out since Disraeli. Scornful, energetic and greatly gifted, he seemed likely to brush aside the stodgier Conservatives of his time. The brilliance of his talents and his sad and early death profoundly influenced the young Winston. When he returned to Parliament in the khaki election after the Boer War, he decided that he would be as heretical as his father and dismayed his Party by his independence. Typically Churchillian was his remark about the Boers when the cohorts around him were baying for their blood. "If I were a Boer," he said in his maiden speech, "fighting in the field—and if I were a Boer, I hope I should be fighting in the field . . ."

THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE VI : The Great Council has met to proclaim him at St. James's Palace in 1936. Mr. Churchill is leaving the meeting with his former colleague of Liberal Government days, Sir Herbert Samuel. To-day Sir Winston has served in the Governments of four Sovereigns.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR : He talks with Lord Gort, the C.-in-C. of the British Expeditionary Force, in 1939. Now all he had foreseen in his sombre political warnings has come to pass and the weak state of Britain's defences is soon to be tragically apparent.

On right—

A VISITOR FROM AMERICA : Mr. Wendell Wilkie, who had been Roosevelt's Republican opponent, leaves Downing Street during his tour of Europe in 1941. Churchill's wise handling of Britain's relations with America was of incalculable value to the Allies.

AT THE ADMIRALTY FOR THE SECOND TIME : The First Lord of August 1914 returns to this office in September 1939. His inspiration to the nation at war was at once apparent.

THE "FINEST HOUR" : The Prime Minister inspects the Home Guard on Horse Guards Parade in 1941. For over a year his voice had been ringing the world with hope and inspiration for the final victory.

THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH : On VE-Day the Prime Minister drives slowly through Westminster. The "V" sign he gives to the cheering crowds had been the symbol of his determination to achieve victory to millions all over the globe. But within two months he was out of office.

PRIME MINISTER FOR THE SECOND TIME : He gives his "V" sign for the Conservative candidate at a by-election last year. Sir Winston now resigns his Premiership after being a dominating political figure for fifty-five years.

The Tories of those times had little attraction for him—had they not thwarted and opposed Lord Randolph? It was the Liberals who stimulated him. Inevitably, he crossed the floor of the House and then set forth some of the most devastating attacks that have never been made on Conservatism. "We want," he said, after he had crossed the floor, "a Government that will think a little more about the toiler in the mine and a little less about the fluctuations of the share market in London."

Although originally in the Army, it was not until he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty that he became fascinated by the problems of defence and foreign events. His rich and romantic mind stretched beyond domestic problems: fed from his youth on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Britain and the Commonwealth glowed with a new and compelling radiance. To increase the power of the Empire and, at least, to preserve its frontiers, became the inspiration of his life.

This attitude has a weakness as well as a strength. Sir Winston has sometimes fallen into the trap of thinking of the Imperial connection in terms of Omdurman: the thin red line of the Brigade of Guards advances over the scorched sand and the Mahdi falls, uttering his incomprehensible cries. Thus, before the last war, when India was demanding her independence, Sir Winston, unable to see the inevitable, raised the hopeless banner of opposition and seemed to have condemned himself to the desolation of the wilderness for the rest of his political life.

His strength was that he immediately understood the diabolical ambitions of Hitler during the '30's. Day after day, week after week, month after month, he carried on his great campaign to rouse Britain. This was perhaps his finest hour—those merciless times of loneliness when members of his own Party used to cut him in the smoke-room of the House.

He entered into his kingdom when everything he had foreseen came to pass—the war, Britain's defencelessness, the need for infinite courage. Who will ever forget those broadcasts when France fell—the rich, stumbling voice, the mispronunciations of Gestapo and Nazi, and, outside, the cruel sunny days of August while the German tanks rattled on towards Paris? Let us remember that Sir Winston did more than any man to save this country from defeat and torture.

The Change at Downing Street

SIR ANTHONY EDEN

The New Prime Minister is Recognised Throughout the World as an Outstanding Expert on Foreign Affairs

SIR ANTHONY EDEN has been a familiar figure in politics for nearly a quarter of a century. Since 1931, when he was appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in the first National Government, he has held Ministerial posts for seventeen out of the twenty-four years. During this period in office he has always been concerned with Britain's external relations, except for a brief spell at the War Office in 1940.

This is the first unusual point about the new Prime Minister. Occupants of No. 10, Downing Street, tend to have established themselves first of all in the broad domestic sphere. Even Palmerston spent twenty of his younger years at the War Office. A second unusual point follows from this first. Because Sir Anthony is so familiar as an expert, it is not easy to sketch his whole character. He appears somewhat aloof, detached, shrewd and unimpassioned. He is the antithesis of the multifarious genius of Churchill, whose energy in new fields has always been inexhaustible.

Everyone above the age of forty must have personal recollections of the broad outlines of Eden's career to date in foreign politics. This divides into three phases. The first was in the '30's, when he emerged into the world limelight. He was the "young Sir Galahad," the "Ambassador of Peace," the champion of collective security. Successively Lord Privy Seal, Minister for League of Nations Affairs and Foreign Secretary—the last at the age of thirty-eight—he was the symbol of hope to the young generations in Britain. His elegant English figure delighted Europe as he went on tours to the heads of numerous States—Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin. He was the first British politician of rank to visit the last two. His nonchalance at times of crisis became legendary. He would leave a tense session of some international gathering to play a game of tennis or a round of golf. But beneath it was the burning ardour of a crusader. Or that was how the world saw it.

He failed in his great test, over Sanctions. But it was a splendid failure. And he added to his laurels by resigning the Foreign Office on the question of his own principle versus the expediency of Neville Chamberlain. All this can be found in detail in the only full-length biography of him—*Anthony Eden*, by Alan Campbell-Johnson. It was published in 1938. Fortunately, this extremely competent and careful study is being brought up to date by the author and should be available this summer. The second phase was during the war, in his second tenure of the Foreign Office. At the vital high-level Allied Councils he was the expert of experience, insisting on the principles he had stood by in the '30's. The third phase runs from 1951 to the present time. Eden has become a tradition in Foreign Affairs. Although now only fifty-seven, he has been for the past four years the elder statesman at the assemblies of nations. Indeed, post-war politicians must behold him with awe, the flourishing survivor from the epoch of Austen Chamberlain and Briand, Litvinoff and Titulescu, Laval, Baron Aloisi and Mr. Matsuoka.

But what of the individuality behind this impressive record? The query mark remains. Eden may well have made as many speeches of major importance as anyone alive. But who can remember any memorable phrases from them? His oratory is polished, but flat. It has nothing of Churchillian rotundity. He is not a wit. There are no collections of his pithy sayings or of anecdotes about him. Who, indeed, knows any Eden stories, as one knows Churchill, Ernest Bevin or even Attlee stories? Apart from his sartorial perfection, little is on record about his personal likes and dislikes. He is fond of gardening. During the war he relaxed by planting flower-beds, with dispatch-boxes piled on the borders. The fact is that the public knows little except of Eden the Master-Craftsman in diplomacy.

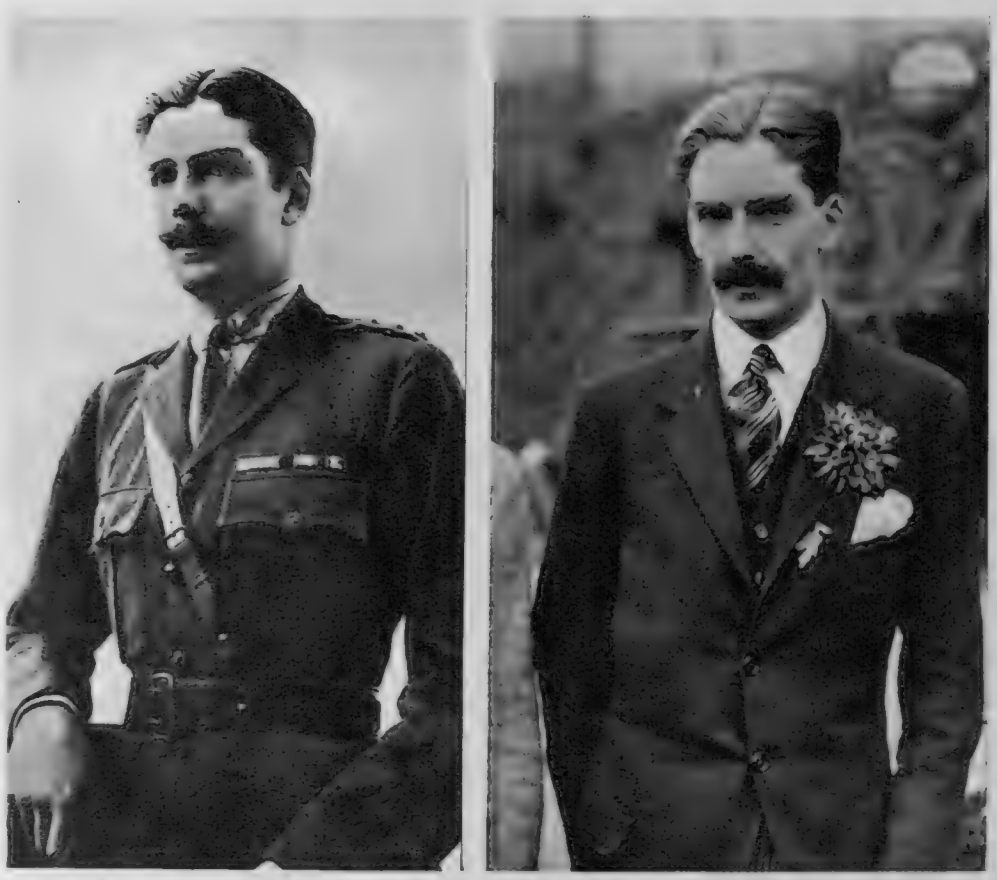
Some clues to his character may be found in the periods which have formed it. The first is his youth. He was born—on June 12, 1897—into high politics and the aristocracy. His ancestors include Auckland, Pitt's Foreign Affairs expert, and Grey of the Refor Bill. His father, Sir William Eden, was a Durham squir with a flair for painting. His son has his taste for th arts. It may be that the new Prime Minister has th detached discrimination of the æsthete.

His schooling at Eton was interrupted by the Gre War. He was a serious soldier, at one time being th youngest adjutant in the British Army. War is on of the few subjects about which he has expresse himself with passionate hatred. At Christchurch, Oxfor after the war, his detachment is apparent. He too little part in undergraduate li and chose for his school Orienta Languages, in which he took a Firs Class. This may have inclined hi to foreign politics, for his tuto is reputed to have forecast he woul be Foreign Secretary before he wa forty.

He entered politics, as a Co servative, in 1922, failing to win t Labour stronghold of Spennymoo Next year he was returned b Warwick and Leamington. Ou side the House he contributed t the *Yorkshire Post*. He represente this newspaper at the Imperi Press Conference at Melbourne i 1925. One result of this was h only book of size—*Places in th Sun*. It is a considered plea f Imperial Unity. In the next ye Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Fore Secretary, took him as his Parli mentary Private Secretary.

The second formative peri came in 1938. His resignation fro the Foreign Office brought him in close relationship with Churchi who came to regard him as h right-hand man. The third peri was after 1945. During the ne six years he discovered, and so di the country, that he was not abs lutely indispensable to British forei affairs. Ernest Bevin showed himse an outstandingly able diplomat Thus Eden was able to give time t domestic affairs. It was a test time from which he emerged w credit. But when his party return to power in 1951, he began his th tenure of the Foreign Office.

The concentration demanded b world affairs has made him s appear detached and aloof. But the present state of the world his wealth of experi in foreign politics can scarcely be anything but a bo Human societies are now so closely linked they m either agree to live together or destroy each o In Sir Anthony Eden all nations are assured of a Brit leader who has shown throughout his career a dete mination to do everything possible to achieve th essential universal accord.



CAPTAIN R. A. EDEN, M.C.: This picture was taken soon after the Great War, during which he served in Flanders from 1915 to 1918, and won the Military Cross in the trenches.

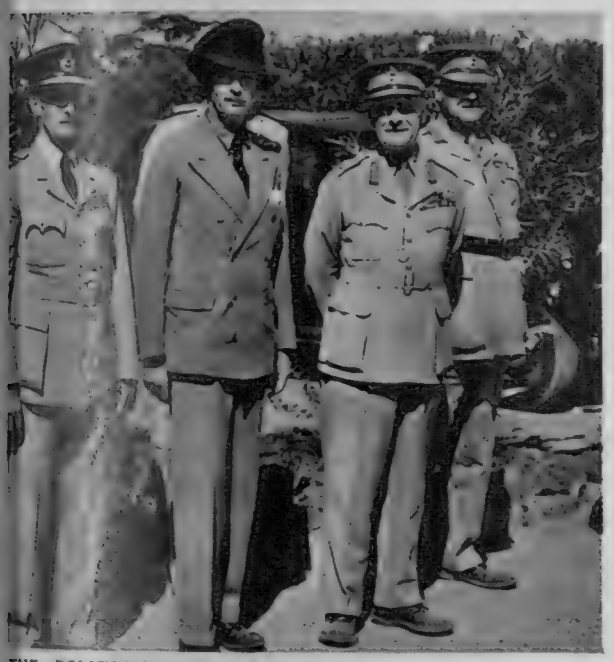
PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE: In 1923 he was elected as Conservative member for Warwick and Leamington. Since that year he has represented this constituency without interruption.

A FIGURE WHO HAS REMAINED CONSTANT IN THE CHANGING EUROPEAN SCENE: At Victoria Station, in 1935, Mr. Anthony Eden, the Lord Privy Seal, says good-bye to the French Foreign Minister, M. Pierre Laval, who had been on a visit to Britain. As Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Eden was already an expert in Foreign Affairs and was regarded by many inside and outside his country as the "Ambassador of Peace."

THE FIRST BRITISH STATESMAN TO VISIT THE SOVIET UNION: The L Privy Seal arrives in Moscow in April 1935. On right is M. Litvinoff, Soviet Foreign Minister, and, left, Lord Chilston, the British Ambass No other international politician has travelled more widely than Sir Anth

CALM IN CRISIS : The Minister for League of Nations Affairs leaves his hotel in Geneva for a game of tennis. The date is September 1935, when Italy has withdrawn from the League Council and the tension before the Italo-Abyssinian War has reached its climax.

SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS : He greets members of the Australian and New Zealand Expeditionary Forces at Suez in February 1940. Behind him is the C.-in-C. Middle East, Sir Archibald Wavell. Mr. Eden, who had resigned the Foreign Secretaryship over differences of policy two years previously, had rejoined Mr. Chamberlain on the outbreak of war



THE POLICY-MAKING WAR MINISTER : Mr. Eden went on a momentous tour to Egypt in November 1940. He is seen there with, from left, Air Vice-Marshal R. M. Drummond, Sir Archibald Wavell and Lieut.-General Sir H. Maitland Wilson. He took back to London the plans for Wavell's attack on the Italians.

THE WARTIME FOREIGN SECRETARY : He leaves Downing Street with Lord Beaverbrook, who had just returned from a conference with Stalin in Moscow in 1941 and offered aid to the Russians in their defence against Germany. Eden's second tenure of the Foreign Office lasted from 1940 to 1945.

WITH GENERAL DE GAULLE : The Agreement on Madagascar is signed with the Free French leader (on Mr. Eden's right) in 1942. At this time the Foreign Secretary had added to his enormous burden of duties by becoming Leader of the House of Commons.

TWO FOREIGN MINISTERS AT YALTA : The British Foreign Secretary is greeted by his Soviet counterpart, Mr. Molotov, on his arrival in the Crimea for the most critical of all the Big Three wartime conferences. The papers on these talks, recently published in America, have shown Sir Anthony as a wise and experienced statesman, who foresaw many of the post-war problems ahead.

THE ELDER STATESMAN OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS : Sir Anthony signs a vital post-war document, the Paris Agreement of last October, by which Western Germany is being brought back into the Concert of Nations. Although he is now only fifty-eight, he has been a familiar figure at International Conferences for a quarter of a century.

The Atomic Submarine

Pictures of the First A-Submarine, the U.S. Navy's "Nautilus," After Her Builders' Trials

On left—

THE CAPTAIN WHO IS MAKING NAVAL HISTORY: Commander Eugene Wilkinson, on left, stands in the conning-tower of the U.S.S. *Nautilus*, the first submarine to be propelled by nuclear power. He was answering questions regarding her trials. On the right is his Executive Officer, Lieutenant Dean Axene. Commander Wilkinson said the performance of the *Nautilus* was "amazing and revolutionary."

ABOVE AND BELOW DECKS IN THE ATOM-POWERED SUBMARINE: *On left*—The *Nautilus*, with her stern to the camera, lies in Groton Harbour, Connecticut. She had just returned after travelling 3,000 miles on her builders' trials. *On right*—Engineman Edward A. Davis prepares to start one of the diesel generator sets in the submarine's engine-room. The diesel generators supply auxiliary power when the atomic reactor, which is below amidships astern of the conning-tower, is shut down.

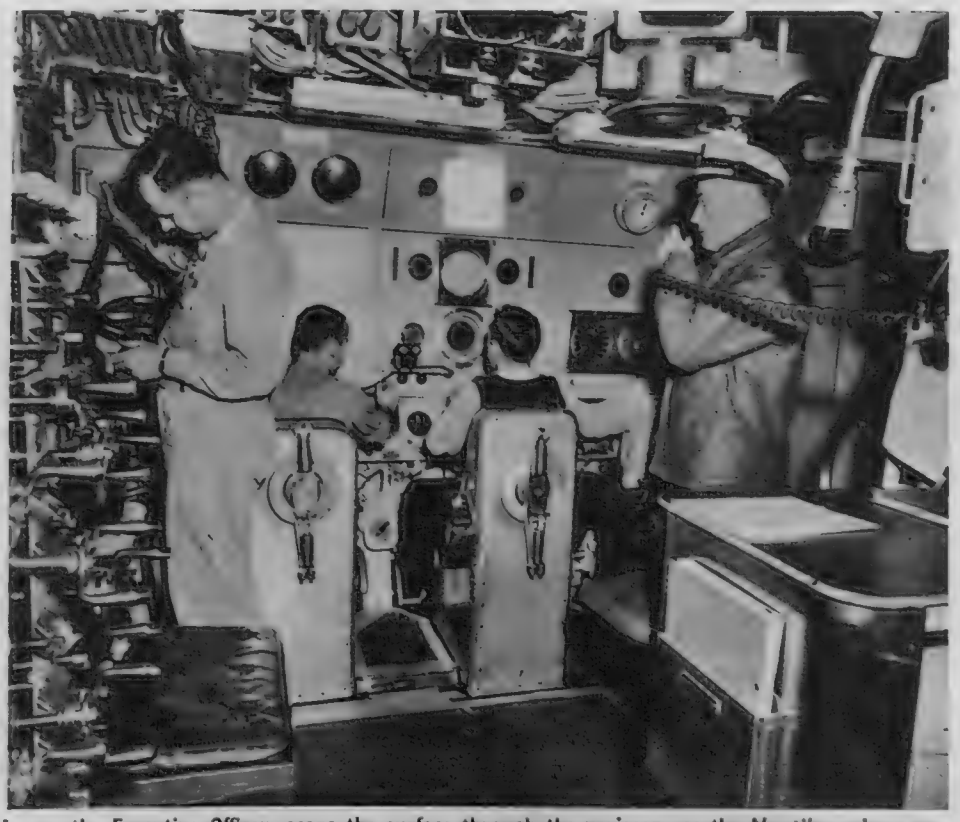
CONFIDENT AFTER TESTS AT SEA : Some of the crew of the *Nautilus* are seen on her deck. During her builders' trials the A-submarine had made sixty-nine dives and spent a total of ninety-two hours submerged, voyaging several hundred miles under water. On her first dive small electrical fires started in the Snorkel controls but were soon put out. Later a storm stove in a plate on the outside of the conning-tower and ripped up some of the deck planking. But the pressure hull of the vessel was not damaged.

The world's first atomic-powered submarine, the American Navy's *Nautilus*, was visited recently by newspaper correspondents. The ship, with a crew of over 100 and 65 experts and technicians on board, had returned to Groton, in Connecticut, after completing her builders' trials.

Commander Eugene P. Wilkinson, her captain, held a Press Conference, during which he gave information which shows clearly that this type of vessel has now passed beyond the experimental stage. On her trials *Nautilus* travelled over 3,000 miles, several hundreds of these being under water. She made a total of sixty-nine dives and spent ninety-two hours submerged. During a storm, with waves 12 ft. high and winds up to thirty knots, a plate on the outside sheathing of the conning-tower was stove in and some of the deck planking was ripped up. But the vital pressure hull of the submarine was not damaged.

Commander Wilkinson added that there was no dangerous radiation from the ship's atomic firebox at any time, and he summed-up her trial performance as "revolutionary and amazing." *Nautilus* must now demonstrate for the U.S. Navy's Board of Inspection and Survey, to show that she is ready for acceptance as a unit of the American Fleet.

The crew of the A-submarine have individual bunks, with foam rubber mattresses. For their entertainment there are a juke box, television and film projector. On the first night of the voyage the film shown was *Scared Stiff*.



DIVING STATIONS : *On left*—Lieutenant Dean Axene, the Executive Officer, scans the surface through the periscope as the *Nautilus* submerges. *On right*—The order to dive is given on the announcing system by Lieutenant D. S. Boyd, on the right. Also in this special "ballast tank" are, from the left, Chief Electrician's Mate Dunn, Engineman Moran, Engineman Brissette, and, partly hidden, Engineman French.

THE STATELY HOME WHICH OVERLOOKS FOUR COUNTIES : A view of Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Rutland in Leicestershire, seven miles south-west of Grantham. It stands on top of a solitary hill, and overlooks the counties of Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Rutland and Nottinghamshire. For the first time the public has been admitted to the grounds and to the mansion, which was built about 1808 in the modern Gothic style.

BELVOIR CASTLE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

The Leicestershire Home of the Duke of Rutland Can, Since the Beginning of this Month, be Visited by Members of the Public

The nineteenth-century Gothic architecture of Belvoir Castle may not be to everybody's taste, but few would contest that its situation on top of a lonely Leicestershire hill allows it to command one of the finest views in the East Midlands. Moreover, the rooms within the walls show a style and magnificence to be expected from the seat of the Manners family, Earls and Dukes of Rutland for more than 400 years. There has been a castle on the site overlooking the Vale of Belvoir ever since Norman times, when Robert de Todeni, Standard Bearer to William the Conqueror, built the first fortress there. Todeni founded the Benedictine Priory of Belvoir, but it was not until the Dissolution of the Monasteries that the 1st Earl of Rutland gained possession of the estate. He had, in fact, already had a prior claim to Belvoir, for his maternal grandfather, who died in 1487, held the title of 11th Lord Ros of Hamlake, Triesbut, and Belvoir. Since then there have been several buildings on the hill at Belvoir, the present one dating from the early nineteenth century.

THE COFFIN OF THE FOUNDER OF THE FIRST CASTLE : The stone coffin, which stands at the north-west corner of the chapel at Belvoir, is that of Robert de Todeni. He was Standard Bearer to William the Conqueror.

THE MAGNIFICENT REGENT'S GALLERY : The gallery, which extends over more than half the length of Belvoir, was named after the Prince Regent, who was a friend of the 5th Duke of Rutland and opened it. In the gallery are some fine Gobelin tapestries, brought from France by the Duke, paintings by old Masters, and busts by Nollekens.

BELVOIR CASTLE'S ENTRANCE HALL : This is the Guard [illegible] in w Gothic style, with a large fireplace at each end. [illegible]onta the walls are muskets of the Leicestershire Militia, in

On left—
IN THE GRAND DINING-ROOM: The Duke of Rutland stands in this fine room, which can seat over thirty people. Over the fireplace hangs the portrait of John Manners, Marquis of Granby, by Reynolds. The eldest son of the 3rd Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Granby, commanded the British troops on the Continent during the Seven Years War. It was he who scorned to wear a wig in battle, giving rise to the phrase "going at them bald-headed." This is one of two portraits of the Marquis painted by Reynolds. It was originally at Windsor, and was presented by the Prince Regent to Belvoir Castle.

On right—
A MURILLO IN THE CHAPEL: The chapel at Belvoir Castle has this fine picture over the altar.

A PART OF THE REGENT'S GALLERY: The Duke is seen standing in the large bay in the centre of the Regent's Gallery, perhaps the most impressive room in the castle. It is some 130 ft. in length. The large vase on the floor is Chinese, and dates from 1560.

THE ELIZABETH SALOON: This impressive state room at Belvoir is named after the wife of the 5th Duke of Rutland, Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. The Duke entrusted the decoration to Matthew Wyatt, who also painted the saloon's ceiling.

n which, like the rest of the castle, is built in modern contains a collection of arms and equipment, and around , in the past, used a tower in the castle as an armoury.

IN THE KING'S ROOMS AT THE CASTLE: The original wallpaper is one of the features of the sitting-room in what are known as the King's Rooms, so called because they were used by George IV on his visits to Belvoir. The castle was built by the 5th Duke of Rutland after the fire which destroyed its predecessor in 1808.

More Floods in Australia

Cyclonic Winds and Torrential Downpours Wreak Havoc for the Second Time this Year

No sooner had citizens in the southern parts of New South Wales begun to recover from damage caused by floods early last month, than their neighbours in the northern parts and in southern Queensland, were warned of approaching cyclones. The weather forecasts were proved correct when the cyclone, with a sudden swiftness, swept in from the Coral Sea and hit the south coast of Queensland. It then veered south along the coast, and not until it had travelled for 400 miles was its violence spent.

One of the worst hit towns was Maryborough, in Queensland, where over 1,000 people were evacuated and ten houses swept away before there was any sign of flood-waters receding. Brisbane was warned to prepare for its worst floods since 1931, but recent work done on Brisbane River channels and the control exercised by the newly completed Somerset dam averted what could have been a major catastrophe. Some 300 houses in the outlying districts were, however, affected by the floods, but because of the very thorough precautions which had been taken, there were no casualties.

FLOODS AGAIN IN SOUTH-EAST AUSTRALIA: An aerial view over part of the Maryborough district, Queensland, where over 9 ins. of rain fell in five hours. These floods were, in some areas, worse than those which occurred earlier this year. A fierce cyclone swept along a 400-miles stretch of the coast, between the Burnett River, in Central Queensland, and the Clarence River, in the northern quarter of New South Wales.

CYCLONIC WINDS ADDED TO THE FLOOD DAMAGE: Damaged homes at Yandina, near Nambour, north of Brisbane, where winds of over 70 miles per hour ripped through the small town. Over a large area, rainfall records were broken.

On right—

A RESCUE AT MARYBOROUGH: Inhabitants of the almost submerged house are taken to safety by two rowing boats. Over 1,000 people were made homeless in this town.

THE BUSES STRUGGLE THROUGH: A suburban bus cleaves its way through 3 ft. of water in Milton, 2½ miles from the centre of Brisbane, which had been warned to prepare for floods.

WATERY DESOLATION JUST NORTH OF BRISBANE: Farmhouses and cane fields are submerged as the waters of the Maroochy River spill over the bank after several periods of torrential rains. In Brisbane, some 300 houses were flooded in spite of the extensive precautions which were taken.

THE HIGHEST UNCLIMBED MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD, WHICH IS THE TARGET FOR THE BRITISH KANGCHENJUNGA EXPEDITION, 1955: Our artist's impression of the southern face of Kangchenjunga (28,146 ft.), as seen from the neighbourhood of Jongri, more than ten miles away. The dotted line indicates the upper part of the route to the summit which the reconnaissance expedition, under Mr. Charles Evans, proposes to explore this year. The rough sketch *on left* gives a composite view of the mountain and a more detailed impression of the proposed route. The salient features are the climb to the top of the first ice-fall; the ascent to the second ice-fall; the traverse along the terrace; and the ascent by the snow couloir to the West Col, and thence to the summit. In both the pictures foreshortening makes the highest peak, furthest away, appear to be lower than the other three.

THE HIMALAYA, 1954-55

A Survey of the Mountaineering Achievements of Last Year and an Assessment of the Prospects of Expeditions Planned for this Season

By HUGH MERRICK

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

THE heads of the Himalayan Giants are falling fast. Of the fourteen great peaks above 26,000 ft.—the 8,000-metre peaks of Continental conception—nine still survive, three somewhat shakily. Lhotse, Kangchenjunga, Makālu, Dhaulagiri, Manaslu, Gosainthan (Shisha Pangma), in the Sikkim-Nepal-Tibet Himalaya; Hidden Peak, Broad Peak and Gasherbrum I, in the Baltoro Karakorum. Climbing-boots have trodden the summit snow of the highest mountain in the world; the second, seventh, ninth and tenth have also capitulated, all within the space of five Himalayan seasons.

Details are now known of the great feat by the Italian Alpine Club Expedition under Professor Ardito Desio, which on July 31 last mastered the final 1,750 ft. of K2—Chogorí, the "Great Mountain"—the magnificent 28,253-ft. wedge in the Karakorum, second only to Everest in height.

First approached nearly 100 years ago by such Baltoro-explorers as Godwin Austen, and, later, by Conway, it was first actually attempted by the expedition of 1902, of which R. G. Knowles alone survives to-day. K2 became an object of Italian interest as early as 1909 when the Duke of the Abruzzi's splendidly organised expedition greatly extended knowledge of the glaciers and peaks of the Baltoro region. He also succeeded in reaching 21,500 ft. on the great rib which has since borne his name, and has led all subsequent expeditions to the huge South-East Ridge above.

Twenty years later, his nephew, the Duke of Spoleto, contributed still further to the exploration of the huge peaks of the Baltoro. On that venture in 1929, the survey and cartographic work were in the hands of a young geologist, Ardito Desio, whose scientific contributions and maps earned him much praise. Nearly thirty years later, he was to be in at the kill as organiser and leader of the triumphant team.

In the interval it was the Americans who, in 1938, 1939 and 1953, made determined efforts to push forward a route which porters could safely use, and so reach the summit of K2. How nearly they succeeded and how desperate and disastrous two of those attempts proved has already been told. So, when the Italians went out last year, the one feasible route up this very difficult mountain had gradually become so familiar that Sherpas could move freely up and down it, unaccompanied; and there remained only 1,750 ft. unattempted and unclimbed.

The Italians suffered from unusually bad weather for the time of year, and this led to the death of one member of the party from pneumonia and to wholesale desertions by the Balti porters. Doggedly, the work of pushing the high camps up that monstrous ridge continued. When at last the weather relented, Camp 8 was sited at the same spot as that previously used by the Americans, at about 25,400 ft.

A ninth camp was pushed forward to 26,300 ft. for the attempt on the summit. Although it had proved impossible to get the oxygen equipment up and they had to climb down some way to collect it, on July 31 A. Compagnoni and L. Lacedelli decided to go for the top in spite of the time thus lost. Deep snow and a 100-ft. rock-pitch, the climbing of which at such an altitude demanded a punishing effort and cost a whole hour, slowed down their progress so much that the oxygen bottles ran out and the climbers had to fight their way up the apparently endless snow slopes of the summit cap without the aid of oxygen. It was 6 p.m. before they stood on the summit.

There they unburdened themselves of the useless oxygen apparatus and sat down exhausted. To their surprise, no collapse set in, and deep-breathing soon restored them so well that they were able to provide complete documentary evidence of their success by taking photographs in black-and-white and in colour during the half hour they spent on top.

Darkness overtook them immediately on the descent and now exhaustion began to tell its inevitable tale. A bad slip on wind-crust resulted in both men sliding some way down the mountain, losing an ice-axe in the process; fortunately they managed to arrest their fall and struggle on down through the night. Both were utterly exhausted and suffering from frostbite by the time they returned to safety and their comrades in Camp 8 at 11 p.m., after a day that had lasted more than 17 hours.

So bad was their condition—Compagnoni's hands being the worst afflicted—that no fewer than eight falls

(Continued on following pages)

THE HIMALAYA FROM ABOVE EVEREST: This aerial picture, taken at a height of over 30,000 ft., shows, at the extreme right, Makalu I, with the Makalu Saddle between it and the lower square head of Makalu II. This was reached by a French expedition last year. In the centre foreground is Chomo Lönzo, and eighty miles beyond is Kangchenjunga.

THE HIMALAYA, 1954-55

(*Continued from previous page*)

occurred on the further descent of the mountain next day. During one of these, Compagnoni flew 600 ft. down the slope to the rim of the horrific East Face, where he was miraculously brought to a halt by soft snow. In the end, however, the whole party reached base-camp safely, in spite of the exhausted state of the two summit men.

Final success on K2 was due to the persistent courageous team-work of the party. As in most Himalayan efforts, the triumph is equally shared by the earlier expeditions, British, Italian and American, which had gradually pushed the difficult route up the mountain, at the cost of half-a-dozen gallant lives, three of them Sherpas.

The other great peak to yield during the year was Cho Oyu (26,750 ft.), 1,000 miles eastwards of K2. Cho Oyu, though seventh in height, had long been thought to be the most accessible of the great peaks—indeed, it had somehow earned the nickname of the "easy" Eight-Thousander—although Shipton, attacking its Eastern face in 1951, found it too difficult from that approach.

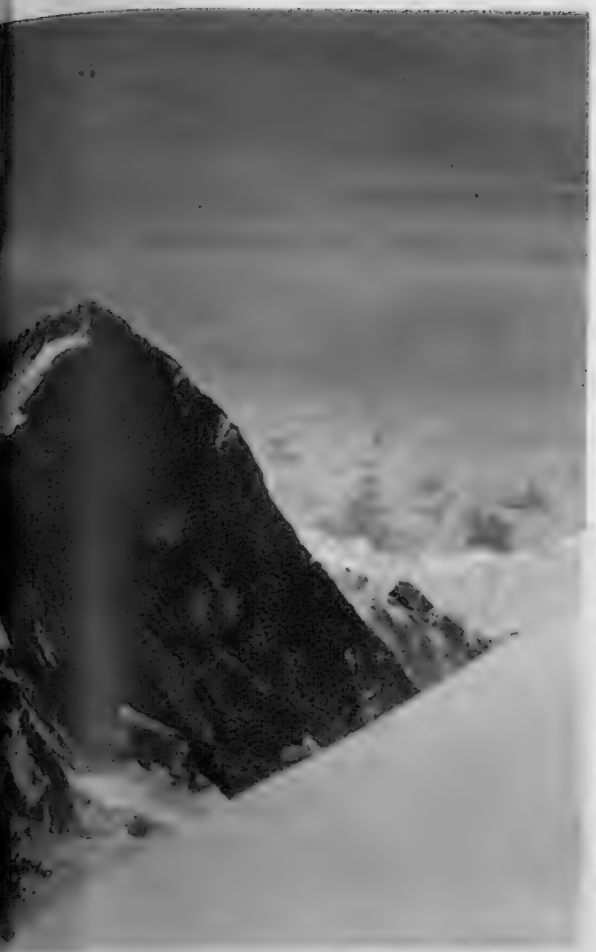
The story of the ascent in 1954 is one of the most remarkable in the history of Himalayan climbing, not only because it was achieved by a small party without any of the usual heavy equipment, but for the astonishing circumstances which, according to recent information, attended the final success. Professor Dyhrenfurth tells the story in a postscript to *To The Third Pole*.

Herbert Tichy, a Viennese doctor, had already spent much time in the East, having fallen completely under the spell of its countries and its peoples. A fine mountaineer, he had reached a great height on the 25,500-ft. Ghurla Mandhata as long ago as 1936. In 1952 he had crossed the whole of Western Nepal with five specially chosen Sherpas as his only companions; during that journey he established a very close bond with them—particularly with his climbing companion on a few high but nameless peaks. He was Pasang Dawa Lama, now with a splendid record on Everest, K2, Nanga Parbat and other peaks, and hardly less famous than Tensing Sirdar. There seems little doubt that this was a try-out for greater things to come; for when Tichy obtained the Nepalese Government's permit to attempt Cho Oyu in 1954, he again chose his devoted Sherpa company, adding only two Europeans, the well-known Landeck climber. S. Jöchler and H. Heuberger, a geographer from Innsbruck.

Tichy's attack on Cho Oyu was from the west. Working from a base-camp to the east of the Nangpa La (the 19,050-ft. glaciated pass which carries the trade route from Namche Bazar into Tibet), they soon pushed forward four high camps, overcoming the difficulties of the ice-fall, supposed to be the mountain's main defence, with surprising ease. Pasang found a way through it in the course of an hour; its dangers were soon safeguarded with fixed ropes. But in Camp 4, at 24,000 ft.,

On right—

CONQUERED BY THE ITALIANS LAST YEAR: K2 and its south-east ridge, with the famous Abruzzi rib in the centre. This 28,253-ft. Karakorum peak was finally conquered last July.



with the summit looking an easy prize, they were struck by a blizzard in the night, which threatened to blow the Sherpas' tent away. While trying to hold it down, Tichy lost his gloves and in a few minutes his hands were frozen stiff. The only course was to fight their way down through the continuing storm to Base Camp. While Tichy nursed his badly-injured hands, Pasang with two Sherpas went down to Namche Bazar for much-needed supplies.

At this juncture it would appear that members of the large Swiss expedition to Gaurisankar (23,402 ft.), under Raymond Lambert and including Madame Kogan of Nun Kun fame, materialised out of the blue and announced their intention of climbing Cho Oyu in preference to their own lower peak.

Tichy pointed out that he had the permit for Cho Oyu, while theirs was for a mountain twenty miles away; in reply to their suggestion that the parties should combine he gave a firm refusal, on the grounds that his whole attempt had been organised to prove that a very small party, lightly-equipped, could climb a very high mountain.

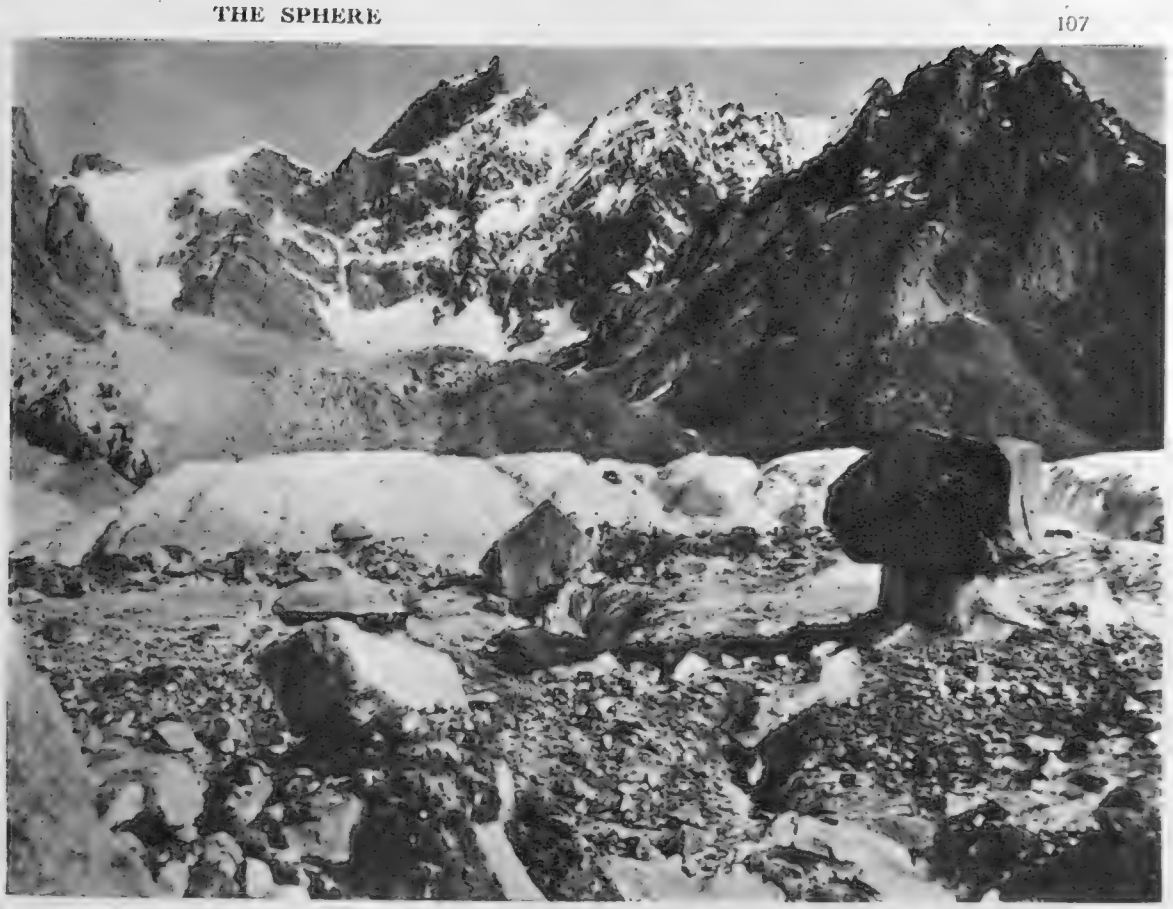
The battle of words which is said to have ensued up there at 19,000 ft. must be without precedent in the history of Himalayan climbing. In the end, it seems, the Swiss were graciously prepared to let Tichy have "first whack," but it must be immediate and it must succeed swiftly. So, with both hands out of action and Pasang far away down in Namche, Tichy set out reluctantly on a renewed dash for the summit with Jöchler, Heuberger and the remaining Sherpas.

The half-hearted effort was pretty well spent by Camp 3, when a party was seen coming up the ridge from below. At first it was thought that the Swiss, who had already begun to push camps forward, had lost patience and were pressing on in spite of the armistice. Not so, however. It was Pasang, who had heard about the invading force and, carrying a huge load, had brought his two heavily-laden Sherpas up 10,000 ft., with hardly

(Concluded on following pages)

On right—

BROAD PEAK, WHICH REMAINS UNCLIMBED : This view of the 26,400-ft. mountain in the Karakorum is from Camp XI of the 1902 Oscar Eckenstein Expedition. The camp was at about 20,000 ft. on the Upper Godwin Austen Glacier, close to the foot of K2's north-east ridge. Bad weather hampered the Paul Herrligkoffer's attempt to climb Broad Peak last year, ending it at 23,000 ft.



THE OBJECT OF A NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITION : The northern peaks and spurs of Masherbrum, a 25,660-ft. mountain in the Karakorum. This picture was taken by Colonel Appleton on an expedition in 1925. Masherbrum will be tackled this summer by an expedition from New Zealand which will be under the leadership of S. H. Conway.

On left—

THE MASHERBRUM CLIMBERS ARRIVE IN INDIA : Seven of the New Zealanders who plan to climb Masherbrum this year are seen on their arrival in Bombay aboard the liner *Arcadia*. They were on their way to Pakistan to assault the Karakorum peak north of Kashmir. The climbers seen from left are A. S. Morgan, P. M. Barne, J. Harrison, L. R. Hewett, R. Watson, R. Chapman and W. E. Hannah.

THE HIMALAYA, 1954-55

(*Concluded from previous page*)

a halt on the way. Refusing to admit that he was even tired, Pasang insisted on pushing ahead immediately through the ice-fall to Camp 4, so that they could attack the summit next day. Reiterating monotonously that he would cut his throat if the opposition bagged the peak, he completely revitalised the flagging spirits of the party.

Tichy, with great courage, decided to take his frozen and useless hands along, which meant, among other things, that Pasang had to bring him up the one rock-section on the rope, for he could grip nothing. So, on October 19, in company with Jöchler and Pasang, he experienced his great and well-deserved moment—"worth more than a few lost fingers"—on the summit of Cho Oyu where, in accordance with modern practice, authenticating photographs were taken.

It is perhaps poetic justice that the Swiss are reported to have failed in their effort, though Madame Kogan had the subsequent satisfaction of putting up a new height record of about 24,400 ft. for the "weaker" sex.

So much for the outstanding successes; there were also several near or less near misses.

Probably the most unlucky, and certainly the most tragic, was that on Dhaulagiri (26,811 ft., the sixth highest in the world), where the Argentinians, under Señor Ibañez, attempted to push home the extremely difficult route opened up by the Swiss in 1953.

Some magnificent rock-climbing on the narrow ledges of the mountain's terrible north face landed two ropes, consisting of Gerhard Watzl with Pasang Dawa, and Alfredo Magnani with Ang Nyima II., at a point on the final ridge, only 700 ft. below the summit, apparently accessible from there with no further serious difficulty. Here they, and the support party below them, were overwhelmed by a fearsome blizzard. Extricating themselves from the mountain's very great hazards with extreme difficulty, the whole party suffered more or less seriously from frost-bite. The unfortunate leader's injuries were so serious that, after a superhuman feat in carrying him all the way to Katmandu (by which time it had proved necessary to amputate all his fingers and toes), and in spite of every effort of medical skill on his arrival, he died in hospital there.

It has just been learned that the Argentinians have decided to return to the attack in the spring of 1956.

Of the other peaks over 26,000 ft., Makālu (27,790 ft.) was the subject of a rather more distant miss during the visit of a strong French team, who brought off something of a surprise performance; for the venture had been billed as a reconnaissance on this relatively untried and formidable giant, on which Siri's American expedition and a detachment of Hillary's New Zealand reconnaissance, attacking by different routes earlier in the year, had not penetrated beyond about 23,000 ft.

The French, however, first scaled the difficult north-western subsidiary, Makālu II (25,120 ft.), and then, operating from the Makālu Saddle between it and its huge neighbour, reached a height of about 25,600 ft. on Makālu proper, before being defeated by bad weather. J. Couzy and Lionel Terray, both of Annapurna fame, formed the strong pair responsible for this fine achievement.

In the absence of full details it is difficult to assess whether this was a superlative effort, pushed to the last gasp, in overcoming near-the-limit obstacles, or whether the view consistently advanced in these articles that, after Kangchenjunga, Makālu would prove the toughest nut of all, has—at all events up to this point—already been proved wrong. The French are going out this spring to attempt to put the finishing touches to their splendid effort, and we shall know the answer then to the riddle of the last 2,000 ft.—a height differential which can still provide a formidable series of defences, at so great an altitude and on so sharp and steep a peak.

A GERMAN-SWISS EXPEDITION LEAVES TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT ON DHAULAGIRI: Some of the ten members of the German-Swiss Expedition to Nepal this year are seen leaving Stuttgart Station.

During last summer the Japanese returned to the attack on Manaslu (Kutang I, 26,668 ft.), in west-central Nepal, intending to complete the climb from which, in 1953, "through lack of sufficient experience," they turned back somewhat unaccountably at 24,700 ft., although the weather was perfect and the way to the summit looked invitingly easy.

This time the local inhabitants, incensed by what they considered a continual affront to the Gods of their mountain, proved so hostile that the expedition was forced to beat a retreat without even getting to the foot of its objective. But the Japanese, who have got so tantalisingly near to success, are returning this spring to collect their peak. This time the support of powerful local Buddhist influences should ensure access to the peak.

In the autumn, Paul Herrligkoffer, the leader of the 1953 Austro-German Expedition, during which Hermann Buhl succeeded in reaching the summit of Nanga Parbat (26,660 ft.), attempted Broad Peak, the 26,400-ft. Karakorum giant—the world's twelfth highest peak. The bad weather conditions to be expected in the area so late in the year put an end to the effort at somewhere around 23,000 ft. This first attempt ever made actually to climb the peak leaves in some doubt the question whether it was attacked by the best and safest route.

Two formidable peaks only a little lower than the Giants will be tackled by expeditions known to be going out during 1955. The New Zealanders, under S. H. Conway, will be attempting 25,660-ft. Masherbrum in the Karakorum; while the first expedition from Africa to visit the Himalaya, led by John Howard, is making its objective Himal Chuli (25,800 ft.), a close neighbour of Manaslu, in Central Nepal. I am indebted to Professor Dyhrenfurth, in a very recent letter, for details of the highly interesting International Himalayan Expedition, 1955, which is to spend from May to December filming and charting the Sola Khumbu area around Everest; reconnoitring and climbing among minor peaks before finally attempting "one of the higher peaks in the region." (This is now understood to refer to Lhotse, the fourth highest mountain in the world.)

THE TERRIBLE NORTH FACE OF DHAULAGIRI, WHERE LAST YEAR'S ATTEMPT BY THE ARGENTINIANS ENDED IN TRAGEDY: This is the side from which the Argentinian Expedition, under Señor Ibañez, attempted to scale the 26,811-ft. peak of Dhaulagiri. Only 700 ft. below the summit the climbing and support parties were overcome by a terrible blizzard, and their leader lost his life.

EQUIPMENT FOR THE GERMAN EXPEDITION TO THE KARAKORUM: The expedition, which will operate in the Chogo-Lungma area, will leave Frankfurt at the end of this month.

The party, a small but very strong one, will be under the leadership of Norman G. Dyhrenfurth, of Los Angeles, the Professor's son, who has already been some way up Everest, with Erwin Schneider, of Nanga Parbat fame, in charge of the assault parties. These will include Arthur Spöhel of the Swiss Everest Expedition, Ernest Senn, a leading Austrian, and a prominent American climber. Other projected expeditions for 1955 include an Italian expedition to Gangapurna, in the Annapurna group; a German party to the Giant Annapurna itself, and a Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club team to Jugul Himal.

Finally, returning to the Giants, there is Kangchenjunga (28,168 ft.), the world's third highest mountain and the highest peak still unclimbed by man; also, in sheer bulk and in the extent of its five mighty ridges, the biggest mountain of them all.

In spite of many attempts scattered over the half-century since Freshfield first circled its base by high-level glacier routes in 1899, nobody has been higher than 25,250 ft. on Kangchenjunga. Defended on all sides by ice-armour hideously ready to avalanche, and by the length of the granite ridges above the ice-terraces, it has consistently defied the efforts of parties of many nations, approaching by many and varied routes. Half-a-dozen good men, Sherpa and European, have perished on its slopes. *Cette montagne est méchante—elle se défend!*

The highest point reached was by the Germans, both times led by Bauer, in 1929 and 1931, during successive wars of attrition on the notorious North-East Spur. On each occasion they spent six or more weeks in hacking a perilous cat-walk along the ice-plastered spine of that exiguous ridge, surmounting a succession of rock-towers, crowned with mushrooms of ice, and sleeping in ice-caves for want of camp-sites. When they at last reached the culminating point of the Spur they found themselves sundered from the base-rocks of the North-East Ridge—along which they had hoped to attack the 3,000 ft. still towering above them—by avalanche snow slopes so dangerous that it would have been suicide to go on.

The approach for this and several other attempted routes was from the Zemu Glacier, due east of the mountain; other routes from the west by the Kangchenjunga and Ramthang Glaciers (Dyhrenfurth, 1930) have proved impracticable and failed below 22,000 ft. And now, with Sikkim closed by political considerations, further exploration of routes approached by the Zemu Glen and Glacier is, for the time being, impossible. It is natural, therefore, that the attention of climbers should have switched once again to the huge southern wall of Kangchenjunga, so familiar in Darjeeling's world-famous view, and approached from the south-west by high passes leading to the basin of the Yalung Glacier.

This is the route reconnoitred in the early years of the century by the Alasteir Crowley expedition. Since then it has been revisited occasionally without any material progress being made till last year. Then J. W. R. Kempe's party, though failing to reach the Talung Saddle, at the head of the Glacier (22,300 ft.), reported possibilities of by-passing the avalanche dangers which had continually menaced their attempts. Thus they could obtain a lodgment on Kangchenjunga's West Ridge by a completely new route up an ice-fall falling from the north-western end of the great ice-terrace which cuts across the southern face at about 24,000 ft., and thence diagonally by steep snow-slopes to the "West Col," at the base of the summit ridge.

The strong expedition which has just left this country under R. C. Evans, of Everest, 1953, fame, and containing at least two other Everest men, has as its objective the further exploration and exploitation of these possibilities. (A second party, led by another member of the successful Everest Expedition, A. Gregory, left at the same time to explore in greater detail the relatively unknown Gaurisankar area, 120 miles to the west of Kangchenjunga, and first opened up by Shipton's reconnaissance in 1951.)

The Kangchenjunga party's task would appear to be a formidable one. It has long been held that this southern, weather-side of the mountain is no less menaced by avalanche and storm than its other approaches.

Even if the two tremendous frozen cascades, linked by a mile of less steep and tortured ice, which together constitute this 3,000-ft. ice-fall, prove amenable and the corner of the Terrace is reached at 24,000 ft., there are still 4,000 ft. of grim snow-slopes and a stiff ridge above them to be dealt with before the main summit can be reached. Even from Talung Peak (23,080 ft.), the slopes over which the route must continue up to the newly-named "West Col" at about 27,000 ft., before a footing can be won on the final 1,200 ft. of the great West Ridge to the summit, are hidden by foreshortening. As Evans himself has written, it is all more or less faith and conjecture from the Terrace on.

However, should they turn out to be technically possible and, for once, not swept by Kangchenjunga's avalanches, the new route may perhaps offer a more hopeful approach than that hitherto envisaged as the main possibility from the head of the Yalung Glacier.

This was to obtain a footing above the great dent of the Talung Saddle, on the lower part of the South-West Ridge, from which point a tremendous feat of climbing would still be required before Kangchenjunga's summit can be attained, or even approached. True, this is the shortest of the mountain's tremendous ridges; but it is a fearsomely steep buttress, broken into huge granite steps and pitches, and there would still be some 5,500 ft. of it to surmount before the crest of the gigantic southern wall is reached. And all this on the weather side!

Even then the climbers would only find themselves on the South Summit (27,803 ft.)—one of Kangchenjunga's five recognised summits (all over 25,500 ft.) and strung out over a distance of some six miles. From then on, a route would have to be forced along the deeply indented crest of the main ridge, involving the traverse of a considerable subsidiary summit, rising between the South and Main Summits, which has so far escaped individual recognition. The distance involved cannot be much less than a mile and a half; necessarily remote observation of its abundant crenellations indicates rock-climbing of a severity and length which, at close to 28,000 ft., must tax the climbers to the uttermost limit.

Everyone will wish the expedition the best of luck with snow and weather conditions on their reconnaissance of the new route; it will certainly be needed. For Kangchenjunga is surely the most formidable of the world's high mountains and may well be lifting an unsullied head after all the other "Eight-Thousanders" have bowed theirs.

WILL THE JAPANESE BE THIRD TIME LUCKY ON MANASLU THIS YEAR? A view across the Manaslu Glacier of the great East Pinnacle (Kutang I), and, to its left, Manaslu, 26,668 ft. This is the mountain which Japanese expeditions attempted to conquer in 1953 and 1954. In the first year they turned back, through "lack of experience," at 24,700 ft. Last year local opposition to the expedition proved too strong, but the Japanese will try again this summer.

TO ATTEMPT MAKALU: Three of the twelve members of the French Expedition, which is again aiming at Makalu this year, are seen discussing their equipment. From left are Lionel Terray, Dr. Andre Lapraz and Guido Magnone.

SHIPPING IN DISTRESS

An Explosion at Shoreham, and Collisions off Cowes, Newhaven and New Jersey

On right—

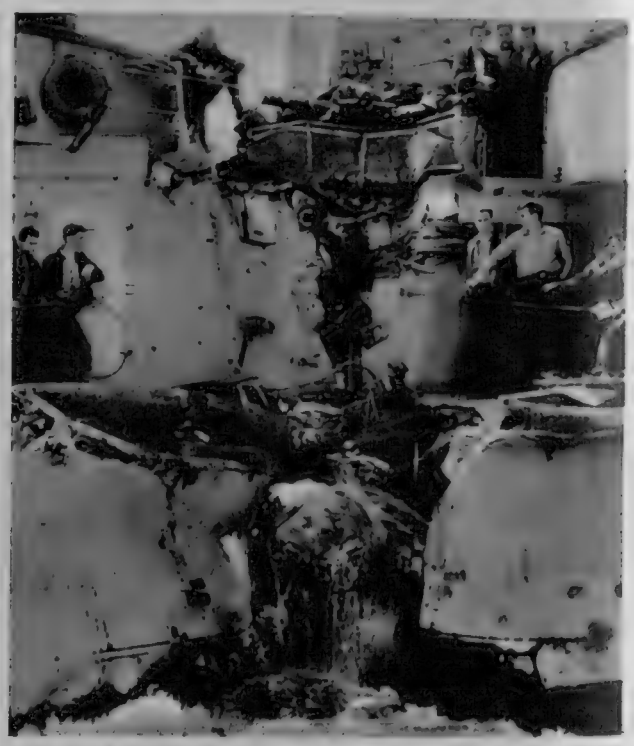
THE EXPLOSION OF A TANKER IN SHOREHAM HARBOUR, IN WHICH SIX MEN JUMPED TO SAFETY: Firemen survey the damage to the 600-ton oil tanker *Anthony M*, of London, after they had brought under control the fire which followed an explosion. Six members of the crew jumped from the bridge to the safety of a wharf when the explosion occurred. Two others had spent the night ashore. The *Anthony M* had arrived at the Esso Company's wharf at Shoreham, Sussex, from the Fawley Refinery at Southampton. She was carrying a cargo of high-grade petrol. Discharging had been in progress for about an hour when the explosion occurred. The flames were mast high as the crew jumped to the quay. Twelve fire brigades and appliances from Brighton, Hove, and Shoreham raced to the blazing ship after the alarm had been raised by the manager of the Esso depot. After an hour's work the blaze was under control; two main tanks were flooded, and the ship's bridge and pump room were damaged. The Master, Captain E. Cheetham, was one of those ashore at the time. His pet canary was found in his cabin unscathed.

THE "ALVA STAR" AFTER HER COLLISION WITH AN ITALIAN VESSEL: The damaged prow of the British cargo ship (12,223 tons) is seen when the *Alva Star* anchored in Southampton Water. She had collided with the *Valentina Bibolini* off the Sussex coast, causing considerable damage to the Italian ship. The *Valentina Bibolini* was holed in the port side, one of the holds was flooded. Some reports said that at one time her stern was only 12 or 15 ins. above water. Although damaged herself, the *Alva Star* stood by the Italian ship until tugs arrived to tow her to the shelter of the coast in Southampton Water, near Netley Abbey.

THE "VALENTINA BIBOLINI" ANCHORS IN COWES ROADS AFTER HER COLLISION: The 7,144-ton Italian vessel at anchor after she had limped into the Solent aided by the tug *Paladin*. The *Valentina Bibolini* had been holed in a collision with the *Alva Star* off Brighton.

On right—

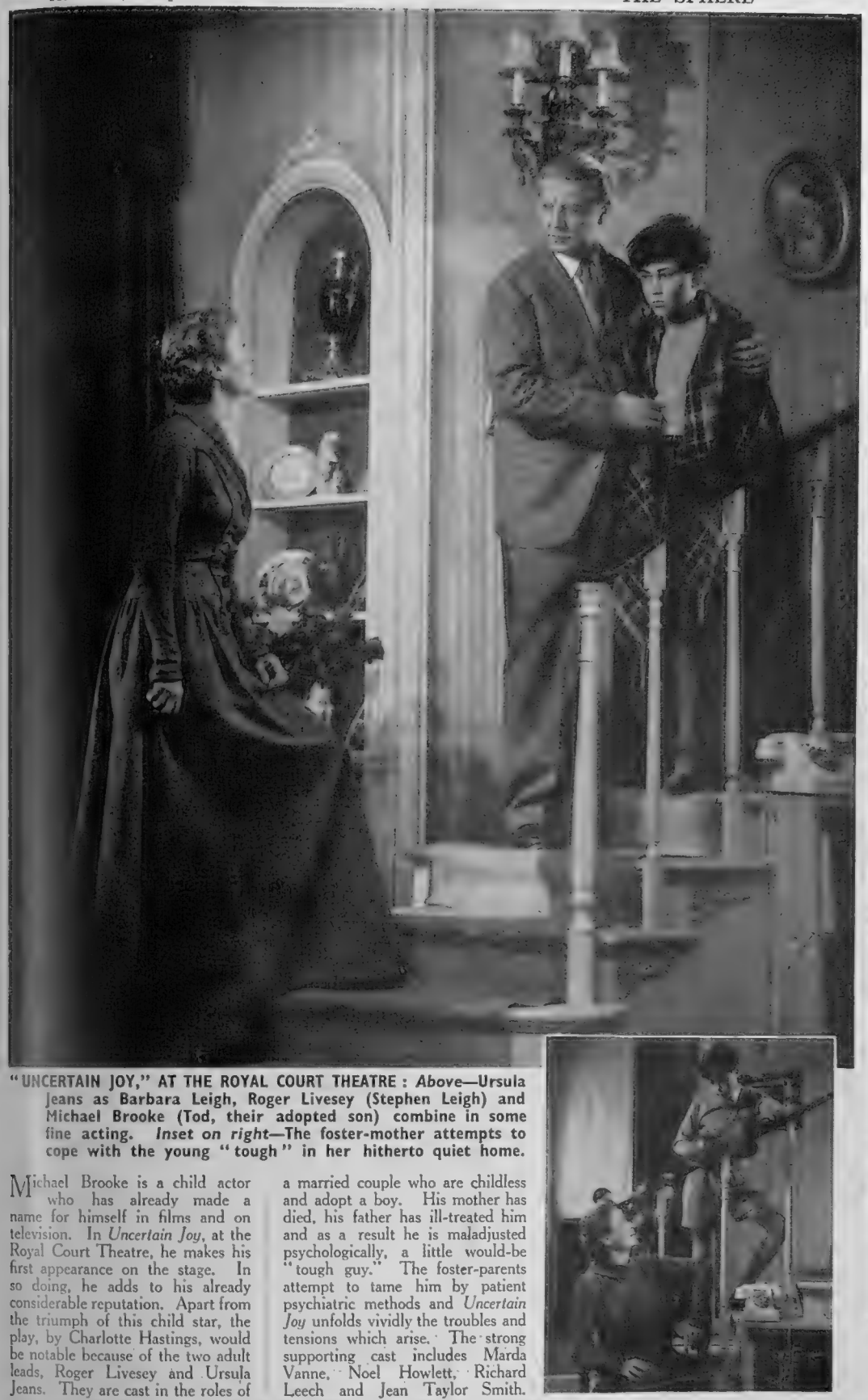
A DUTCH TANKER IN COLLISION OFF NEWHAVEN: The 488-ton tanker *Vollharding* seen at Newhaven with a 25-ft. hole near the starboard bows. The Dutch tanker had collided in fog with the 534-ton tanker *Monica M*, a sister ship of the *Anthony M* on which there was an explosion at Shoreham on the same day. The *Vollharding*, whose collision occurred about seven miles off Newhaven, was badly flooded and had a list of thirty degrees. The tug *Foremost 22*, which was on her way to Cowes Roads to go to the aid of the *Valentina Bibolini*, was diverted to the *Vollharding* and took aboard seven members of the Dutch crew and also the wife of the Dutch skipper.



AN AMERICAN ESCORT VESSEL GETS THE WORST OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH A CARGO SHIP: Members of the crew of the United States Navy escort vessel *William T. Powell* stand by the gash 10 ft. square which the 1,400-ton warship carried into Port Norris, New Jersey. The escort vessel was severely damaged on the starboard side aft when she collided with the cargo ship *Mormacspruce* in Delaware Bay, 15 miles from Cape May. Two men aboard the warship were injured.

PROBLEMS FOR PARENTS AND FOR TEACHERS

Two New Plays at Theatres in London



"UNCERTAIN JOY," AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE: *Above*—Ursula Jeans as Barbara Leigh, Roger Livesey (Stephen Leigh) and Michael Brooke (Tod, their adopted son) combine in some fine acting. *Inset on right*—The foster-mother attempts to cope with the young "tough" in her hitherto quiet home.

Michael Brooke is a child actor who has already made a name for himself in films and on television. In *Uncertain Joy*, at the Royal Court Theatre, he makes his first appearance on the stage. In so doing, he adds to his already considerable reputation. Apart from the triumph of this child star, the play, by Charlotte Hastings, would be notable because of the two adult leads, Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans. They are cast in the roles of a married couple who are childless and adopt a boy. His mother has died, his father has ill-treated him and as a result he is maladjusted psychologically, a little would-be "tough guy." The foster-parents attempt to tame him by patient psychiatric methods and *Uncertain Joy* unfolds vividly the troubles and tensions which arise. The strong supporting cast includes Marda Vanne, Noel Howlett, Richard Leech and Jean Taylor Smith.

A TRIUMPH FOR A CHILD ACTOR: One of the many scenes in *Uncertain Joy*, in which twelve-and-a-half-year-old Michael Brooke shares the acting honours with two such expert adults as Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans. It is Michael Brooke's first stage appearance.

THE "DEAD-END KID" PERPLEXES HIS FOSTER-PARENTS: The plot turns on the relationship between the psychologically maladjusted child (Michael Brooke) and the well-meaning couple (Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans) who have adopted him.

"IT'S DIFFERENT FOR MEN": In this scene from the new comedy at the Duchess Theatre are, from left—Glen Alyn, in the part of Angela Fletcher, June Clyde, who plays Joyce Carpenter, and Margot Lister as Flora Ransom. Joyce Carpenter is the wife of a serious and ambitious schoolmaster, a role in which Naunton Wayne scores a marked success. His wife decides that she is drab and should be more glamorous and exciting. This transformation in clothes and appearance takes place at a time when the husband has applied for the headmastership of a school, of which an ecclesiastical Dean is the patron. This necessitates a week-end for interviews at the Deanery. The favour or disfavour with which the various characters regard glamorous Mrs. Carpenter provides a theatrical evening full of laughter. The plot is especially concerned with her husband's disapproval.

A COMEDY OF SCHOOLTEACHERS: In *It's Different for Men*, by Michael Pertwee and Brenda and Monja Danichewsky, are, from left—Jack Allen, June Clyde, Harold Siddons and Naunton Wayne, a master who writes learned treatises on sex but fails to understand his wife.

THE FIRST SMOKELESS ZONE IN THE HEART OF LONDON : A view across the Victoria Railway Bridge showing the new Churchill Gardens Estate at Pimlico, the major post-war rebuilding project which has been undertaken by the Westminster City Council. The whole of the 30-acre estate is heated on a district basis by surplus hot water from the Battersea Power Station, on the opposite side of the river. The water is pumped under the river and stored in the heat accumulator tower which can be seen in the right background of the picture. From the tower it is distributed around the estate by a pumping station, which has thermometers showing the room temperatures at selected places. An even and comfortable temperature can thus be maintained throughout the estate. Two sections of the estate are now completed, housing some 800 families, in accommodation varying from "bed-sitters" to five-room maisonettes.

The Home News in Pictures

A Smokeless Zone for London

AND OTHER NEWS PICTURES FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

A MEET AT HATFIELD HOUSE: Huntsmen of the Enfield Chace Foxhounds are hemmed in by many spectators at the meet held at the home of the Marquis of Salisbury. *On right*—Some of the followers, many of them young people, gathered in the forecourt of Salisbury House. The meet was held under ideal conditions, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire were among the hundreds who watched the hounds and horsemen gather before the start.

A NEW FAST PATROL BOAT IS PUT THROUGH HER PACES : H.M.S. *Dark Adventurer* kicks up a heavy spray as she travels at speed during her sea trials off the coast of North Devon. She is one of the first of the new "Dark" class to go to sea. *Dark Adventurer* is a sister ship to *Dark Highwayman*, which was shown being launched in "The Sphere" of last week. Three of these ships have been accepted by the Royal Navy, and six more have been launched. Further boats are planned. The "Dark" class are powered by the new Napier Deltic engines which have very high performances. All boats are of composite construction and aluminium is being used for the framing and deck.

A "FESTIVAL DOME" FOR A BEDFORDSHIRE RESERVOIR : The Mox Hill Reservoir, at Cople, with its new covering, which is designed on the same principle as that used for the roof of the Dome of Discovery, at the Festival of Britain. Because of the new building methods used, work on this cover, which is being erected to prevent the possibility of pollution, has been able to proceed while the reservoir is still in use. The assembly engineers work just above the surface of the water, which is 21 ft. deep. The 14 tons of the dome's weight is borne entirely at the edges of the reservoir and there are no stanchions. The reservoir supplies water for homes in the Kempston district of Bedfordshire.

THE RADIO-TELEPHONE HELPS FIREFIGHTERS IN THE NEW FOREST : Wardens fighting a fire near Burley while another keeps headquarters informed of progress through a "walkie-talkie" set strapped to his back. *On right*—Another picture showing the portable radio set which is part of the Forestry Commission's new firefighting aids. The Commission has also bought two Land-Rover trucks with radios, and has made one of the 70-ft.-high firewatching stations, that at Emery Down, a control centre.

AN OLD SCOTTISH MILL ACQUIRES A NEW LEASE OF LIFE : Preston Mill, on the banks of the River Tyne, in the East Lothian village of East Linton, is Scotland's oldest working oatmeal mill. To ensure its preservation, the mill was presented to the National Trust for Scotland in 1950, and an appeal fund started. The donations soon reached £480 and local tradesmen offered to carry out the repair work necessary on a non-profit-making basis. One feature which demanded urgent attention was the roof. The red pantiles were carefully removed and numbered and a complete new framework of rafters was built. The tiles have now been replaced in their original positions. A new and stronger cowl, a replica of the old one, was also built and refitted.

PONTYPRIDD'S "STONEHENGE," WHICH MAY BE DEMOLISHED : A general view of the Welsh "Stonehenge," which may have to be demolished to make way for new buildings. This strange and scattered "polylith" was erected in the nineteenth century by Francis Crawshay, a member of the family of Welsh ironmasters, in the grounds of Forest House, Treforest, which is now the home of the Glamorgan Technical College. Extensions to the college may necessitate the monument being demolished. Crawshay was a man of many foibles and eccentricities, but he played a great part in the industrial development of the area, and townspeople are reluctant to lose this memorial to him.

A CZECHOSLOVAK DIPLOMAT SEEKS POLITICAL ASYLUM IN GREAT BRITAIN : Mr. Richard Sedlacek is seen with his wife Helen and their five-year-old son, Richard, in a coach en route for the London Air Terminus. They had just arrived at London Airport. Mr. Sedlacek was Czechoslovak Commercial Attaché for Beirut, Lebanon and Syria. He has said that he is renouncing his homeland for his son's sake, because, he says, Czechoslovakia "is becoming more and more a Soviet colony. In Britain there is a great deal of personal liberty." Mr. Sedlacek was interviewed at London Airport by police and by Home Office officials.

KEW PALACE, WHERE A NEW EXHIBITION OF ROYAL RELICS HAS BEEN ARRANGED : The Queen has consented to the loan of pictures, bronzes, china and other personal relics of King George III, Queen Charlotte and their children for the refurnishing of Kew Palace, which is closely associated with the King, who bought it in 1781. It was the favourite home of Queen Charlotte, who died there in 1818. The Palace is now open to the public.

CRISIS ISLANDS

Preparations being Made on Matsu and Quemoy, off the Chinese Mainland, for Defence Against a Communist Attack Confidently Forecast for this Week

Mid-April is the time given by American Service chiefs, notably Admiral Carney, Chief of United States Naval Operations, as the likely time for the first of the Communist attacks on the off-shore islands still held by the troops of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist China. It is generally believed that the small islands of the Matsu group, though forty miles from Foochow, will be the first victims of attack from the mainland, and that the much larger and more strongly defended islands in the Quemoy group, further to the south, will be attacked a month later. President Eisenhower has publicly deprecated the definite pronouncement of his Service chiefs on possible assaults on these islands, for in it he sees an attempt to involve American armed forces even before an attack has occurred. At one time it had, indeed, seemed possible that the United States Government would protect the Nationalist troops holding the two islands, but the latest information shows that Mr. Dulles is coming round to the British and Canadian attitude. This is that the off-shore islands are indefensible strategically and morally, and that Communist occupation of them is as inevitable as it is legally justified. While, therefore, the American Government has reserved its right to come to the defence of "closely related localities" as part of their defence pledge to Formosa itself, it is unlikely that Nationalist China will receive very much direct help from America's armed forces. It has been argued that failure to help Chiang Kai-shek will do irreparable damage to Nationalist morale; but it is likely that irresponsible talk of giving aid which cannot be implemented by deeds will do even greater harm.

THE INTRICATE NETWORK OF TRENCHES AND DUGOUTS WHICH SCARS THE FACE OF MATSU : Like all Chinese soldiers, the Nationalists defending this island off the shore of the mainland dig right into the hillsides, and through to the other side if necessary. Communication trenches linking the dugouts will give protection against the heavy shelling expected.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE TWO OFF-SHORE ISLANDS : *On left*—Colonel Hua, in command of Nationalist troops on Matsu. *On right*—General Liu Yu-chang, Commander of Quemoy. Colonel Hua, who is only thirty-six, has one division under his command, all that the small Matsu islands can comfortably accommodate. General Liu has about 50,000 troops on Quemoy, about 150 miles to the south of Matsu. It is Matsu which is considered to be directly threatened and most vulnerable, and American Service chiefs have given mid-April as the likely time of a Communist attack. The United States Government is, however, unlikely to send military aid to these off-shore islands.

IN DIGGING LIES THEIR ONLY CHANCE OF DEFENCE : Chinese Nationalist troops on the island of Nankan, the headquarters of the Matsu Island group, lay aside their weapons and use shovels in the preparation of defensive positions. A bulldozer takes part in the work.

GUN DRILL ON MATSU : Nationalist soldiers going through a practice on a 70-mm. gun. Matsu is further away from the mainland than Quemoy, being forty miles from Foochow; Quemoy is fourteen miles from Amoy. But Matsu is expected to be attacked first.

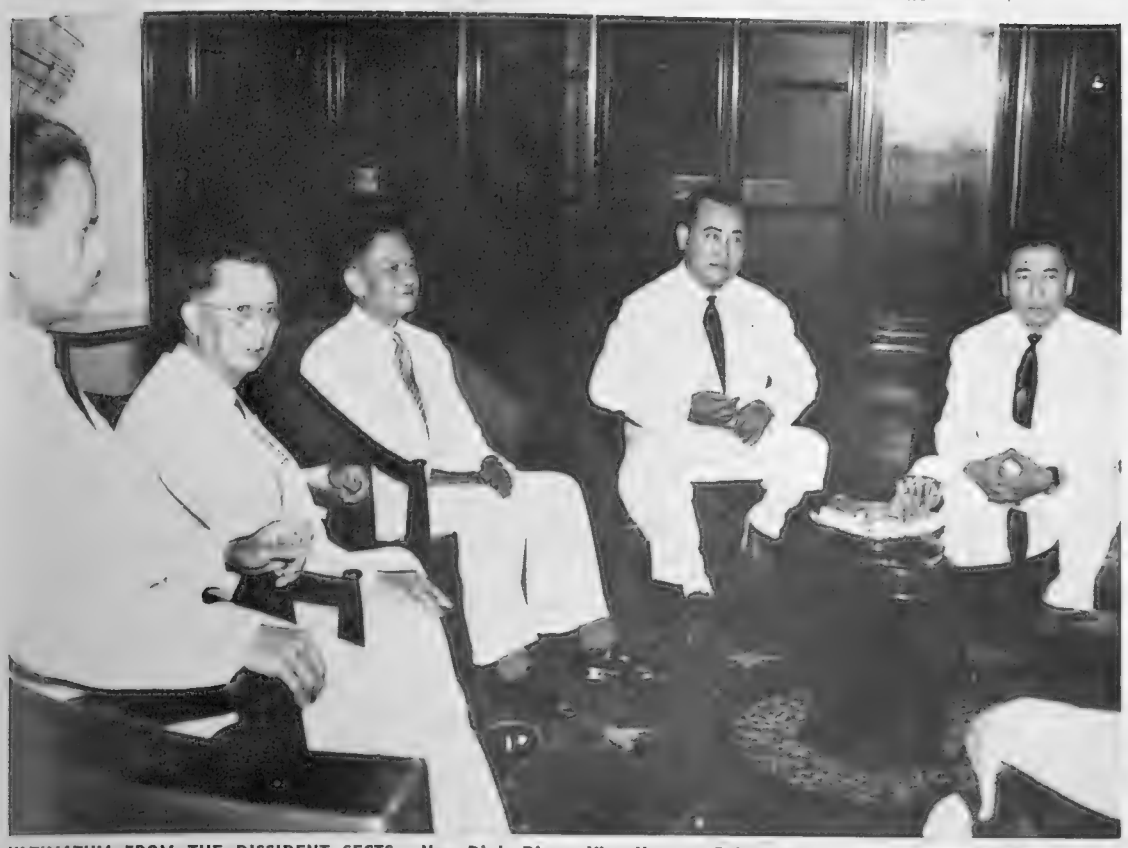
COMFORTS FOR THE NATIONALIST TROOPS ON QUEMOY : An ornate temple has been converted into a shopping centre for Nationalist troops on the island. Quemoy has been considerably reinforced recently.

Saigon Crisis

Rebel Armies Battle Against Government Troops in the Viet Nam Capital in a Struggle for Power Against the Prime Minister, Ngo Dinh Diem

The shots and mortar bombs which caused over 130 casualties in Saigon at the beginning of this month were the open and dramatic manifestations of a political situation that had been growing steadily more critical over the past few months. Ever since Ngo Dinh Diem assumed the office of Prime Minister of Viet Nam last year, he has been faced with rival factions, some of them with strong religious convictions, others out to gain what they could or to protect their own interests. In a country where established political parties have had little chance of gaining a hold on the electorate, these different opposition factions, as well as the Communists, have had no difficulty in obtaining support.

The three groups who at the end of last month presented an ultimatum to the Prime Minister to change his Government or bow to force, seemed to be in a strong position. There was the Cao Dai sect, a religious organisation which has its own Pope and priests. There was the organisation of General Hoa Hao, also with a strong religious slant. And, finally, there was the Binh Xuyen, a political group which has for many years now controlled gang-life in Southern Viet Nam, often, it is alleged, with the acquiescence of officials. When Premier Ngo Dinh Diem refused to accede to the ultimatum, he was shelled by troops of some of the rival armies, but then General Trinh Minh Phe put his army of Cao Dai supporters at the disposal of the Government. This move was strongly contested by the Cao Dai Pope, who claimed that the General had had no authority for his action. But it enabled the Prime Minister to take up a more militant position and threaten Binh Xuyen troops with dire penalties if they did not desert the rebel force.



ULTIMATUM FROM THE DISSIDENT SECTS: Ngo Dinh Diem, Viet Namese Prime Minister, extreme right, with the representatives of the dissident sects who presented him with an ultimatum in Saigon to change his Government. The representatives are, from left, Nhi Lang (for the Cao Dai General); Tran Van An (for Binh Xuyen); Bao The (for the Cao Dai Pope); and Lam Thanh Nguyen (for General Hoa Hao).

CASUALTIES DURING THE FIGHTING IN THE CAPITAL: A Viet Namese woman is carried into a Saigon hospital by French journalists. She was one of 112 people who were injured when fighting broke out between Government and unofficial troops.

A BINH XUYEN ROAD-BLOCK IN SAIGON: Troops of the political organisation opposed to the Viet Nam Prime Minister at their barricade. The private armies of the three opposition sects total about 40,000.

CLEARING OUT THE REBEL FORCES: The scene of destruction in the police school in Saigon after troops of the Government's National Army had cleared out rebel Binh Xuyen troops. The Binh Xuyen had also seized other strongholds in the city, and were preventing traffic from entering with foodstuffs. Later they lifted the blockade for three days to prevent a famine.

GOVERNMENT TROOPS AT THE READY: Parachute troops of the Viet Nam National Army man a petrol point during the disturbances in Saigon. The Prime Minister called for reinforcements of Government troops, who were rushed to Saigon from other parts of Southern Viet Nam.

LANCASHIRE POINT-TO-POINT

The Holcombe Hunt's Annual Meeting which Attracts Tens of Thousands of Spectators to a Hunting Country with a 300-Years History

HOLCOMBE, which gives its name to one of England's most famous packs of harriers, is to-day an off-the-beaten-track grey village in the industrialised Irwell Valley of Lancashire. Above it frown the dark ridges and moors that once formed part of the old hunting forest of Holcombe itself, the rocks and heather now permanently blackened by the smoke which rises from the factory chimneys in the dale below.

It is, indeed, a place that would seem to inspire little in the way of romance. Yet, if local tradition can be accepted, the birth of the Holcombe Hunt was romantic enough. The first of the Stuart kings of England, James I., had been fourteen years upon the throne of a united kingdom when he chose to visit the seat of a court favourite, Sir Gilbert Hoghton, at Hoghton Towers, that historic house perched on a rock overlooking the wooded gorge watered by the River Darwen, between Preston and Blackburn.

That was in August 1617, and for three days the King hunted hart and wild boar over the near-by countryside. At the end of the visit he was so pleased with "the deep-mouthed Holcombe hounds from the Manor pack" that he gave their owner, Sir Thomas Barton of Quarlton, "a Royal Warrant to hunt over twelve townships and the privilege of wearing the scarlet livery of the King."

Over 300 years afterwards that right of wearing the scarlet livery is still preserved by the Holcombe Hunt, and it is interesting to recall that when King George V visited Hoghton in 1913, the Holcombe hounds were paraded before him. On that occasion the King granted an addition to the uniform in the form of a strip of gold lace to be added between the two black buttons.

Both hart and wild boar have long since disappeared from the Lancashire countryside, and, in common with the two other harrier packs operating in the county, the Pendle Forest and Craven, and the Vale of Lune, hares have been hunted for many years. This branch of venery has, of course, a much older ancestry than that of hunting the fox. Lancashire, indeed, has long had a reputation for the particularly stout hares—many of which have been commemorated in the old hunting songs of the county—which live on the moors above the industrial valleys, and the records of Holcombe Hunt contain many references to points as long and straight as those of a fox being registered on these uplands.

The story of the Holcombe Hunt is, indeed, indelibly associated with that of Lancashire hunting, but in these days it is also connected with something else—a point-to-point meeting that is possibly the best patronised of any in the entire country.

Lancashire folk have, of course, always been fond of the turf, and ever since the first Holcombe meeting was held in 1921 at Affetside, near the line of the Roman-old Watling Street above the town of Bury, there has been no fear of lack of support. In 1922 the event was moved to Nab End, on the edge of the moors between Bolton and Bury, and, apart from the war years when the meeting was abandoned, it has been held there ever since.

Indeed, Holcombe Races, as they are locally called, have become an accepted part of the Lancashire year, something quite unique in the sporting life of the county. What is so intimately tied up with hunting in all parts of the country has here a much wider appeal. The Holcombe Point-to-Point meeting is equally that of the miner, the cotton worker, and all who follow Lancashire's industries and who throughout the remainder of the year have no concern with anything connected with either hare or hound. But because of this wide appeal it becomes a meeting more intimate and purposeful than the more "classic" events promoted by the more fashionable packs. On fine days over 100,000 people have been known to attend—but not lately. For after a succession of fine days since the resumption of the meeting after the war, the weather changed in 1951 and since then the event has been marked by a series of wet afternoons.

This year the Saturday morning of April 2 was fine and open, and big crowds were already making their way to the moors a couple of hours before racing was due to begin. To attend the Holcombe Races is a custom firmly ingrained in many Lancashire families. They arrive in good time, walk over the course which, with its various inclines and descents, is typical of the country hunted over by the Holcombe, and then picnic on the uplands.

The crowds thickened as the time for the start approached, and even when the runners in the first race were lined up for the start, the road leading from Bolton was packed with people, a long, deep procession coming steadily towards the course. After the first race was over and the time for the second approaching, people were coming along just as fast and the enclosures were rapidly filling. Bookmakers were yelling the odds, and from the prices they offered it seemed as though they were every bit as canny as the inherent Lancashire characteristic is reputed to be. But it was truly a case of local partisanship. The local punters plumped for the horses whose names had been flashed round the near-by mills and factories a week before. A glance at the race card showed them to be owned by Holcombe supporters. But the locals disappointed this year, and horses from the neighbouring foxhunting County of Cheshire all but made a clean sweep of the awards.

It may have been that the Lancashire weather had a foretaste of what was about to happen, for when the second race was nearing its completion, and three Cheshire horses were in the lead, the rain began to fall. From the outset there was no doubting its determination, and within half an hour the roads linking the moors with the towns were packed with folk again, many of whom doubtless had memories of the drenchings of previous years.

Always, however, the enthusiasts remained. They saw some fine horses and some excellent riders; and they saw their local fancies beaten in every open race!

Sydney Moorhouse.

THE DAY'S RACING BEGINS: The start of the Holcombe Harriers Hunt Cup, a race confined to local horses, and the only one which Holcombe hunters won at the races this year. Mr. R. M. Ashworth was first on Laureate.

On left—
THE ROADS ARE CROWDED WITH VISITORS: The huge crowds which arrive in the Irwell Valley for the Holcombe Races come from many of the surrounding industrial towns, like Bolton. When the weather has been fine up to 100,000 visitors have attended the annual races which have been held at Nab End, by the moors between Bolton and Bury.

A PICNIC LUNCH BEFORE THE RACES: Many family parties arrive in good time to walk over the course before enjoying lunch.

THE BOOKMAKERS ARE KEPT BUSY: Their odds are not generous, but punters are not deterred from backing the local favourite.

THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE: Mrs. W. Hall takes a jump with Mr. J. J. C. Shore's Carloway, from the Cheshire Forest Hunt.

A WIN FOR CHESHIRE: Mr. P. B. Williamson, from the Cheshire Hunt, winning the Adjacent Hunts' Steeplechase on the appropriately named Chester.

THE COVETED HOLCOMBE CUP GOES TO SHROPSHIRE: Viscount Leverhulme presenting the trophy to Mr. G. B. Rogers, who won on Housewife's Choice.

Forestry Contrasts

Scottish Schoolboys Take Part in a Forestry Experiment; More Felling in London

A YOUNG FORESTER OF THE FUTURE? William Simpson, of the Mackie Academy, surveys the newly-planted land on the banks of the Cowie.

In order to encourage more young people to take an interest in forestry activities the Forestry Commission have offered small plots of their land to a number of schools for the use of their pupils. In each case the plot is "adopted" by the school in question and the boys are responsible for its maintenance. The jobs include the clearing of the site and the planting and tending of young trees. In many instances it is possible for the work on a forestry plot to be associated with certain specialised subjects normally included in the school's curriculum. Among the Scottish schools which have accepted the Commission's invitation is the Mackie Academy at Stonehaven, in Kincardineshire. The boys are working on a plot of Forestry Commission land overlooking the River Cowie, which was clear-felled during the war. Last year they planted an acre of spruce and this year they are engaged in further planting. When the scheme is completed there will be 9 acres of woodland.

STONEHAVEN'S SCHOOLBOY FORESTERS: Boys from the Mackie Academy, Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, are seen planting trees on Forestry Commission land on the banks of the River Cowie. Away in the distance is Ury House.

MORE TREES ARE FELLED IN LONDON'S PARKS: A workman is seen chopping the roots of one of the last Dutch elms in Kensington Gardens during a recent felling operation. After the roots had been chopped away the trees were pulled down by ropes attached to lorries. *On right*—A Dutch elm is falling. During the past two years scores of trees have been cut down, and this recent felling operation in Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park was on the advice of a special committee appointed by the Minister of Works. The members had made a thorough examination of the trees and had recommended that they should be felled in the interests of public safety and because of disease to the trees. They also suggested that new trees should be planted in their place.

THE BUDGET AND THE MOTORIST'S TAXES

Looking Ahead to Tuesday and to a Hope for Petrol Tax Relief; A Fuel Consumption Test; The Winner of the Ferodo Trophy for 1954

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

NEXT Tuesday is Budget Day and we shall then know the worst—and the best—about petrol tax and purchase tax. My own guess is that P.T. will continue unchanged and that there will be a reduction of 6d. a gallon on Diesel fuel, though not on petrol.

The Motor Agents' Association put out impressive figures the other day in an attempt to show that the nation-wide agitation for petrol tax relief is not simply based on a desire to cut the cost of pleasure motoring. This, indeed, would be merely a pleasant incidental benefit compared with the fillip which a substantial tax reduction would give to industry as a whole.

"It is doubtful," the M.A.A. states, "if the Chancellor gets as much as even 10 per cent. of his petrol tax revenue from private motorists. Much misunderstanding arises over the consumption of petrol by motor-cars.

"From calculations based on the issue of supplementary coupons during petrol rationing it is certain that 80 per cent. of the cars on the roads are used for professional or business purposes, leaving only 20 per cent. in private use."

The bulk of the £270,000,000 a year paid in petrol tax by vehicle users—out of a total of £300,000,000—comes from goods and passenger-carrying vehicles.

The M.A.A. adds: "It is not too much to say that nearly one half will be paid by the essential goods-carrying road transport industry, without which the country would, literally, be at a standstill.

"Few figures are available regarding the effect of the tax on the passenger-carrying industry—the means of conveying vast numbers of people to and from their work—but the tax is equivalent to an impost of £25 a ton on coal consumed by a railway engine. What an absurdity!"

THE WINNER OF THE FERODO TROPHY FOR 1954: Mr. G. A. Vandervell (left) has been awarded the trophy "for the outstanding British contribution to the sport of motor-car racing" for 1954. The presentation was made in London by Earl Howe (centre), chairman of the Ferodo Trophy Award Panel for the year. On the right is Stirling Moss.

The National Benzole Company recently carried out an interesting fuel-consumption test on the Goodwood (Sussex) motor racing circuit with two Ford Anglias (modern style), using National Benzole mixture.

Both cars were kept hard at it for 24 hours. A perfectly standard Anglia completed 1,000·8 miles at an average speed of 41·7 m.p.h. and used a gallon of fuel every 39·88 miles.

The other Anglia was fitted with an overdrive device. It had a bit of tyre trouble and the front wheels had to be changed twice, but this car covered 1,116 miles at 46·5 m.p.h. and did 40·58 m.p.g.

The drivers were changed every two hours. I wonder if this kind of test proves very much? It is the day-to-day, overall consumption figure that really interests the potential buyer of a particular make of car—or a particular brand of petrol, for that matter! On a nice, consistent, 24-hour run round a more or less level race-track the consumption figure is not bedevilled by such things as hill-climbing, starting from cold, traffic hold-ups and a lot of slow-motion work in the lower gears.

There could have been no more popular or deserving choice than Mr. Tony Vandervell as winner of the Ferodo Trophy for 1954. This handsome gold prize is awarded annually for the outstanding British contribution to the sport of motor racing. Last year it was presented to the Jaguar company for its successes in the 1953 24-hours race at Le Mans. Mr. Vandervell gets it "for his company's successful contribution to engine design generally; and for his Formula One racing car, which performed creditably, giving encouragement to the British racing public, so fostering the belief that a serious effort was being made to build a British Grand Prix racing car."

Not a very happily worded citation, but that does not detract from the Ferodo panel's sincerity in thus honouring Tony Vandervell. His firm makes the "Patent Thinwall" bearings used in the engines of most of Europe's cars and aircraft.

His racing car is, of course, the 2½-litre Vanwall Special which made a promising experimental debut last season. Mr. Vandervell has engaged Mike Hawthorn to drive his No. 1 car, which I hope has made a successful start by the time these notes appear.

You could call the Wolseley 4/44 a gentlemanly car. I recently had the opportunity of using one for a few days and was quite impressed by its urbane personality.

Anyone who is looking for a more-than-usually comfortable four-seater saloon; who is not worrying too much about speed off the mark; and who wants to keep his outlay within the £850 price bracket, could do a lot worse than invest in a 4/44. The basic price is £555, increased by purchase tax to £844. It is powered by a 4-cylinder, overhead-valve engine of 1,250 cc., which is basically the unit used by the 1¼-litre version of the M.G. Midget. It develops 46 brake horse-power at 4,800 r.p.m.

Top speed is less than 75 m.p.h. and the car—at 22½ cwt.—is a bit heavy for its engine size, but if you make free use of the four-speed gear-box this elegant Wolseley is a willing performer and a gallon of petrol can usually be relied upon to take you 28 miles.

It is a quiet car, with a smooth engine and a low level of wind noise. For its price the 4/44 has a surprising air of refinement. The walnut veneer facia is an attractive feature and there are two interior lights. The foam rubber overlay on the seats combines with a well-designed suspension system to reduce fatigue on long journeys.

THE SMILE OF VICTORY: W. A. Scott-Brown, of Cambridge, is seen (*right*) after driving his 2-litre Lister-Bristol car to victory in the British Racing Drivers' Club's British Empire Trophy Race at Oulton Park, near Tarporley, Cheshire. The meeting was held in heavy rain, which caused several mishaps. In the heat for cars up to 2,700-cc. Scott-Brown, who has only one hand, was beaten by Parnell, in a new 2½-litre Aston-Martin. The final was over 25 laps of the course of 2·75 miles, and Scott-Brown finished in 55 mins. 45 secs., at an average speed of 73·52 m.p.h.

Silver City Airways are at it again! This time it is a car-ferry service between Castle Kennedy (Stranraer) and Newtownards (Belfast). Three times a day each way. Each flight lasts 17 minutes, saving up to 12 hours over surface travel.

The service—Britain's first internal car ferry—is being operated by Bristol 170 aircraft, which carry three cars and fifteen passengers. Since Silver City pioneered air ferries seven years ago they have opened five routes across the English Channel. Two more—in addition to Stranraer-Belfast—are to begin operation this summer. They are Southampton-Deauville and Birmingham-Le Touquet.

So far, more than 110,000 vehicles and 250,000 passengers have been carried in 50,000 trouble-free flights.

I had a chance the other day of trying out the new Fiat 600, the rear-engined baby car which caused a sensation at the Geneva Motor Show. (Incidentally, the price of this four-seater saloon in Britain has now been announced: £585, including tax.)

A NEW 100-M.P.H. DAIMLER FOR AN ACTOR: Norman Wisdom takes delivery from Mr. R. E. Smith, Director and General Manager of the Daimler Co., Ltd., of his new Conquest roadster. In addition to coachwork by Messrs. Hooper and Company, Mr. Wisdom has also had several additional features fitted to the car, which is finished in metallic grey. At left is Colonel G. J. Long, Sales Manager of the Daimler Company.

The Fiat, which replaces the 500 cc. Topolino, is a pleasant little car to handle and, having regard to its modest overall dimensions, is remarkably roomy. Independent springing of all four wheels gives a smooth ride and allows you to take liberties on corners.

The 633 cc. water-cooled engine (for which a consumption of 50 m.p.g. is claimed) ran quietly, and I received the general impression that here is a car which will appeal to Continental motorists who cannot afford a big petrol bill. It may be a serious competitor to British cars in Continental markets, where increasing competition is giving even our big manufacturers a big headache just now.

When the 1955 edition of the Michelin Guide was placed on my desk I had just been discussing with a friend the rising cost of holiday-making in France. "I love France," he said, "but I simply can't afford to take the family there this year."

A great lover of France myself, I argued that you can still have a relatively inexpensive holiday in that country if you go the right way about it. By avoiding the bigger hotels, for instance, and taking your meals in side-street restaurants, where you get much more of the authentic French atmosphere anyway.

The Michelin Guide arrived at that moment. Round its red cover a strip of yellow paper was gummed. Printed on this yellow band was the message: "Meals for less than 550 francs inclusive at 2,000 restaurants."

Which shows that France herself must be getting a bit worried about the widespread belief among potential holidaymakers that it is getting prohibitively expensive to go there for the annual vacation.

The compilers of this excellent Michelin Guide have followed up this point about the cost of meals by including special guidance on how to eat well but inexpensively in France. When a particularly well-prepared meal is offered by a hotel or restaurant for not more than 700 francs in all, the price is shown in heavy type. And there is a special map showing where such meals may be obtained.

The Royal Automobile Club announces an extension of its breakdown service and the issue of a new badge. Members can now get help, when their cars break down, by ringing the London or regional headquarters at any hour of the day or night. The officer in charge of the R.A.C. control room studies a special map, ascertains which garage can most quickly send help to the stranded motorist, and asks him by phone to do so.

The new R.A.C. car emblem is to be known as the "Elizabethan" badge to identify it with the present era and with the Queen, who is the club's patron. Moulded in a plastic material, which should prove impervious to weather, oil and petrol, the badge is surmounted by the Tudor crown and embodies the traditional R.A.C. colours—blue and white.

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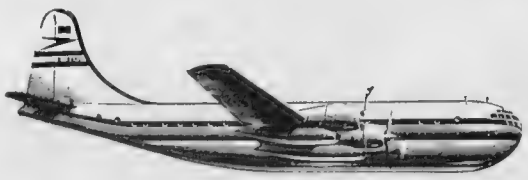

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INDIA THROUGH 5,000 YEARS

Mr. J. C. Powell Price's New History of the Sub-Continent; A Biography of Alexander the Great; Sir Percy Sillitoe's Memoirs

BETWEEN 3000 and 2500 B.C. a great civilisation flourished in the Indus Valley which possessed a commercial and cultural relationship with the contemporary river valley civilisation of Sumeria. In the 1920's, when the cities of Mohenjodaro and Harappa were excavated, a great deal of information about this early civilisation came to light. It was revealed that the early Indians lived in well-planned, brick-built cities, with comfortable homes which had bathrooms, water supplies and good drainage. Indus Valley seals bear inscriptions in an unknown writing which has signs for syllables, instead of letters. We do not yet know much about this writing, and scholars are trying to find the key to it. With this fascinating survey of the Indus Valley culture, and much more besides, Mr. J. C. Powell Price prefaces his new volume, A HISTORY OF INDIA (Thomas Nelson. £2 2s.). It has been written for the general reader, as well as for universities and colleges in Great Britain, India and Pakistan.

The author spent thirty years in the Indian Educational Service, and archæology and the history of the great sub-continent are his special subjects. Mr. Powell Price is to be congratulated on a superb achievement. Its comparative brevity will be welcomed as much as its clarity of style. In his final chapter, in which he dwells upon India's constitutional advance, the author comments on the rapid social changes now taking place, particularly the relaxation of caste restrictions among the educated classes. Gradually, he says, social classes are being formed as opposed to caste. The future he wisely refrains from forecasting.

Alexander of Macedon, like Napoleon, has a magnetic attraction for biographers. Agnes Savill, a Scottish physician with an attractive literary style and a lifetime of experience, has made a new and balanced assessment of the man who sought to fashion the whole known world into a single vast community, homogeneous in some aspects, and yet wisely recognising differentiations of race and of customs. ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND HIS TIME (Rockliff. 25s.) is really an outcome of the author's own puzzlement at the contradictory accounts of the character and aims of the Conqueror. She has delved into many volumes, both friendly and hostile, and she declares she has found no evidence that Alexander, a man of such enchanting promise in youth, degenerated into the drunken tyrant and megalomaniac whom his detractors depict. The factual evidence is largely to the contrary. Alexander's longing to unite the nations emerges strongly in this closely-reasoned biography.

When Sarah Gertrude Millin, that great South African, writes about trivial things in her everyday life—and in her latest volume of autobiography she does so to a degree that seems at first to be quite beyond reason—she clearly does so with fixed and well-calculated intent. THE MEASURE OF MY DAYS (Faber and Faber. 21s.) is in part a continuation of her own autobiography, but it tells, in particular, of the last years of her life with Phil Millin, her husband, who collapsed and died on the Johannesburg Bench. Mrs. Millin relates in close detail her husband's symptoms, the path of his illness, and the care they took in their daily lives so that he could keep going in his exacting work as a judge. One would think that all this endless repetition would be wearisome; but somehow it is not.

The author, beyond doubt, has in mind that this book is the most fitting memorial she can build to her husband, the upright judge who drove himself on relentlessly. She has succeeded marvellously. This autobiography contains much else besides. There are memories of Rhodes and Smuts and Hofmeyr, and some delightful anecdotes of famous men in Britain.

Allowing that the Van Meegeren forgeries, which fooled Marshal Goering and the world of art for a whole decade, constitute the most considerable hoax of modern times, what is the runner-up in this contest? Surely it is the story of the Piltdown Man. This dates to December 1912, when the Keeper of the Geological Department of the British Museum and Charles Dawson, an amateur archæologist, told of their discovery, made in an ancient gravel-bed at Piltdown, of the fragments of a man's skull and jawbone, which they claimed to be the remains of a man who had died 500,000 years before, when the gravel-bed was formed. In THE PILTDOWN FANTASY (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) Francis Vere traces the course of that famous missing link, from its birth in glory to its recent extinction in disgrace. The author comes to the conclusion that the much-derided Dawson was not the hoaxer, but just one of the millions hoaxed.

Sir Percy Sillitoe, Director-General of M.I.5, has for long occupied a slightly mysterious place in public life. Now, in CLOAK WITHOUT DAGGER (Cassell. 15s.), Sir Percy removes some of the mystery and reveals some of the extraordinary facts about his long career in fighting the world's criminals with scientific weapons and a ruthless determination. The middle chapters are the most enthralling, and what Sir Percy has to say about the early days of gang warfare in Glasgow, where he was Chief Constable, is a clear-cut revelation of the sum total of degradation which long-continued unemployment can inflict on an industrial population.

Another book of personal reminiscences in rather the same vein is Gordon Lett's ROSSANO (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), in which the author tells of his own adventure in the mountains of Northern Italy, where, with a price on his head as an escaped prisoner-of-war, he waged his own war in the Allied cause and, in so doing, was a valuable stiffening force in the North Italian Resistance. It was after a year in the prison camps at Bari and Chieti that Major Lett escaped and took to the hills. Freya Stark writes the foreword to this well-told tale.

Most great world issues are very simply stated, and the path towards their fulfilment is wildly complicated. Jules Moch, French delegate on the Disarmament Commission and formerly Defence Minister of France, puts the case for disarmament with simple clarity in his forthright new book, HUMAN FOLLY (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.). "There is only one defence against the H-bomb," he says, "and that is not to use it." With the minimum of rhetoric and the maximum of facts, he examines the threat to civilisation from classical, via atomic, to thermonuclear warfare. He attempts to destroy by the sheer power of his arguments any thought that there is an antidote to H-weapons, no matter what the generals say. "The H-war will be utterly disastrous to civilisation," he says. "Twelve hydrogen bombs correctly placed would exterminate life in France." Later, M. Moch shows how, in his opinion, Britain would be even more vulnerable. The final part of the book deals with the world's tortuous progress towards disarmament. The U.S. has been producing atom bombs since 1945 and the U.S.S.R. since 1952. M. Moch says there must be an Atomic Control Authority, and there is not a moment to lose.

Albert Einstein, in his introduction, stresses how we are all too conscious of the fact that, while we want peace, we must, in the event of war, ensure that our own nation is in the most favourable possible position. By holding such a line of thought, Einstein declares, we make ourselves ripe for destruction.

Lin Yutang's latest novel, THE UNEXPECTED ISLAND (Heinemann. 15s.), takes as its theme life in an island republic of the Pacific after four world wars have largely devastated the globe. Many of the colonists on Thainos are Greek, and their way of life recaptures something of the ancient Greek spirit. Here is Lin Yutang in his wisest and most inventive vein. His novel makes a natural sequel to what Jules Moch has to say on human folly and the hydrogen bomb.

Captain Robert Fitzroy, R.N., the captain of H.M.S. *Beagle*, charted in 1830 the southernmost tip of South America, Tierra del Fuego, that desolate land of the Fuegians, who to-day number scarcely 1,000 people. Fitzroy committed suicide in 1865 because, as he said, he had seen enough of this world. The root cause of the terrible disillusionment of this great sailor and a God-fearing man with a desire to help mankind, was the failure of his attempt to civilise four natives of Tierra del Fuego whom he brought back to Britain. Fitzroy took three boys and a girl aboard the *Beagle* in 1830. In London he introduced them to King William IV and Queen Adelaide, and then settled them with a clergyman's family in Walthamstow. But the experiment from the outset was a hopeless failure. The most warm-hearted of the Fuegians died of typhoid, and the other three, lusty and uncontrollable, sinned and sinned again with a devastating indifference until at last they had to be returned to their native land. They were untamable and, to Fitzroy's chagrin, their last state was even worse than their first, as witness the final crime of Jemmy Button, that innocent, proud pagan, who led his fellow-natives in an attack on eight missionaries, putting all of them to death.

From this tragically dramatic tale Benjamin Subercaseaux, the distinguished Chilean novelist, has constructed a full-blooded novel. He calls it JEMMY BUTTON (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.), after one of the four ungentle savages. By not sticking too closely to historic events, although adhering to the main lines of Fitzroy's story, he has produced a most readable work of fiction. It is a story not without faults. The dialogue is at times stilted, but his characters are, on the whole, very real and convincing.

"Sir, a word to the wise. Your wife, sir, is too much alone. And not always alone. Your friend Federigo." This was the message composed of letters snipped from magazines and pasted together, that Julian received in the post one morning at breakfast in his New York flat. He received the sinister communication with great outward and inward calm,

EARL LLOYD GEORGE RECEIVES A "LOST" PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER: He is seen standing beside the portrait of Britain's great leader in the First World War, which was presented to him in New York after its discovery in the art collection of Mr. Adolph White, of Brooklyn. Lord Lloyd George had been trying to locate the picture for years. Painted by Gonzalez Gamarra in 1918, it was bought by Mr. White at an auction twenty years ago.

largely because he had composed it himself. Briefly, what he wanted to do was to give the nature of things with which he was extremely bored, a slight push. Just how this absurdly contrived situation develops provides the high comedy for Howard Nemerov's new novel FEDERIGO, OR THE POWER OF LOVE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). How Julian employs private detectives to get to the bottom of the anonymous letters he has been writing is a theme delightfully well-handled, slight as it is.

Nevil Shute's REQUIEM FOR A WREN (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a delightful book, full of straightforward, sensible people who live their lives and face their difficulties and overcome them, all without reference to Freud and Jung and the phobias and fantasies of childhood. The author is a master of the vivid, telling phrase, and his description of the assembly of the forces for Overlord is perhaps only bettered by his presentation of the Australian scene he knows so well.

Janet Prentice, the Wren, who is the story's heroine, is a charming, sensitive, endearing figure, prone to rash decisions and never quite sure of her own integrity, even if others are sure of her beyond question. What she is sure of is the tragic way out of the dilemma which has led her, after the turmoil of war, from England to Australia, to the home of the parents of the man who, but for his death in battle, she would have married. Janet Prentice is a very real person who belongs essentially to the topsy-turvy world of the '40's.

THE SECOND MIRACLE (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is the work of Peter Greave. The author was a leper and is now cured. He begins the story with his arrival in a home for lepers in England, and describes the doctors, the nurses, his fellow-patients and the treatment which he underwent, submitting himself to one of the new wonder drugs which has now brought him back in the living world of men and women. This is a wonderful testament, a most heartening and moving book deserving to be widely read.

Finally, here is a story of adventuring in the high places of South America. In THE UNTRODDEN ANDES (Faber. 25s.) C. G. Egeler and T. de Booy tell of an expedition in the long, snow-capped range of the Cordillera Blanca and of the supreme challenge of Huantsan, that 21,000-ft. peak of deep crevasses and soft, treacherous snow. Told with vigour and modesty, this is a really grand tale and some excellent photographs adorn the text.

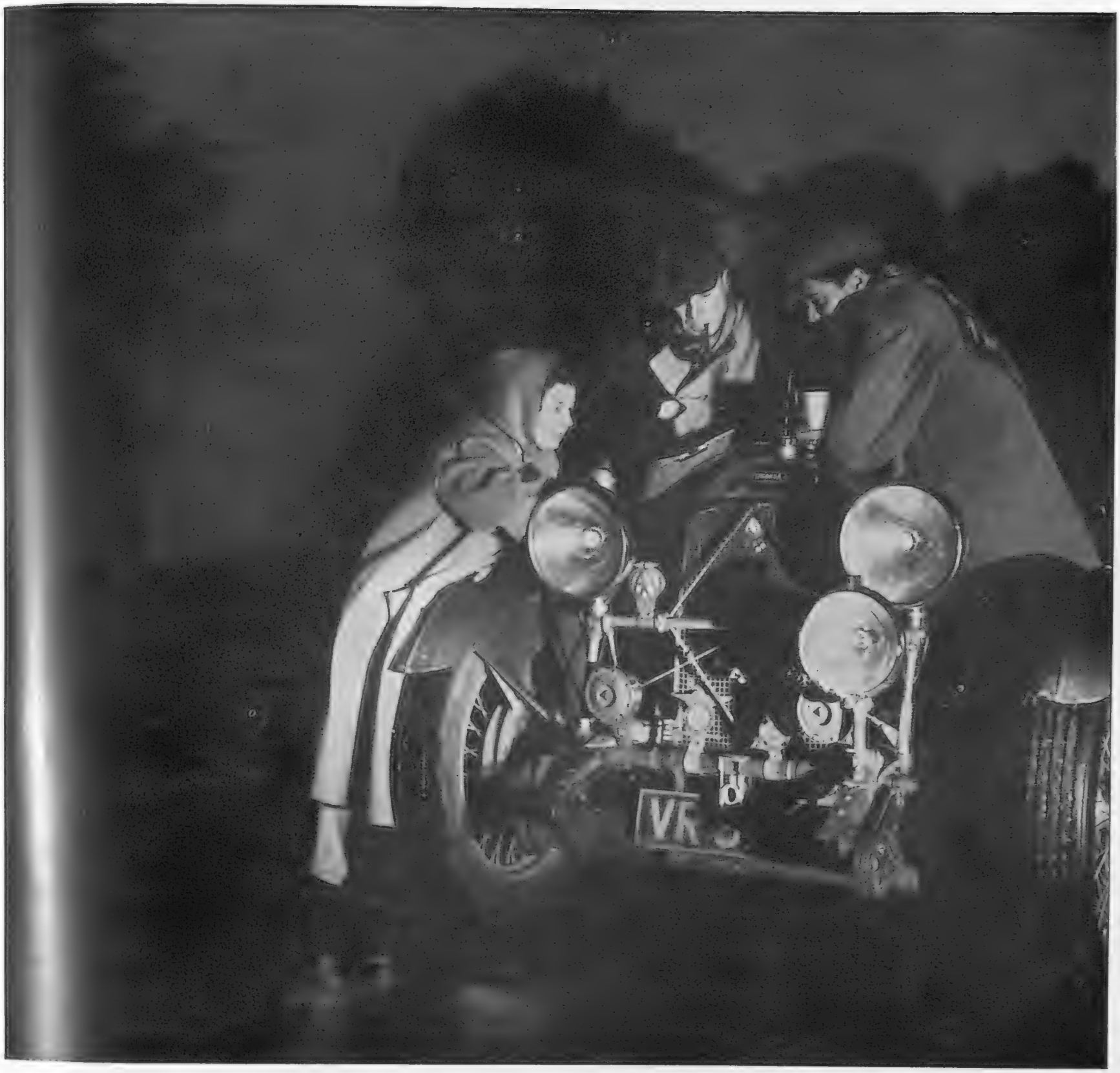
Richard Edmonds

"SEAS BREAKING ON DALMATIAN COAST": This picture by O. Mendlik, of Aerdenhout, forms part of the Exhibition of Dutch Marine Painting of To-day, at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. The exhibition, which continues until May 8, was opened, in the absence of the Ambassador, by the Netherlands Chargé d'Affaires in London, Mr. A. H. Hasselman (left). Seen with him are Dr. Jane de Longh (Netherlands Cultural Attaché in London) and Captain C. W. T. Baron Van Boetzelaer, Netherlands Naval Attaché.

To commemorate the centenary of Charlotte Brontë's death in 1855, two Brontë novels are published in the Macdonald Illustrated Classics series. One is **JANE EYRE**, *by Charlotte Brontë, with an introduction by Janet Adam Smith, and illustrations by Lynton Lamb: and the other is* **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, *by Emily Brontë, with an introduction by Daphne du Maurier, and illustrations by W. Stein. Each book costs* 10s. 6d..

Another reprint is **THE QUEST FOR CORVO, An Experiment in Biography** (Cassell. 18s.), *by A. J. A. Symons, with an introduction by Julian Symons. The book was first published in* 1934.

The latest addition to Hutchinson's Nature Library is entitled **PLANTS WITHOUT FLOWERS** (16s.), *by Harold Bastin. There are more than* 100 *illustrations and diagrams*



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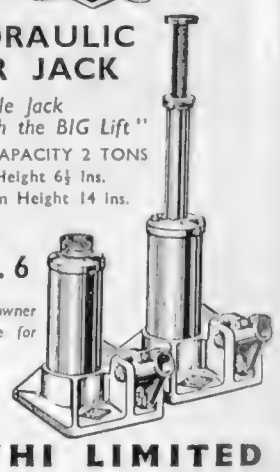

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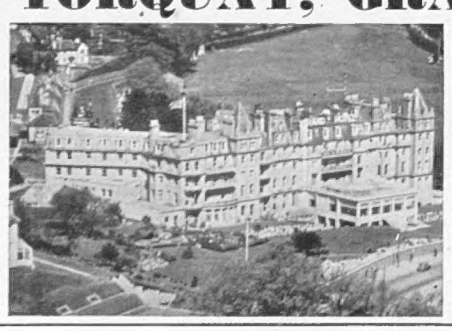

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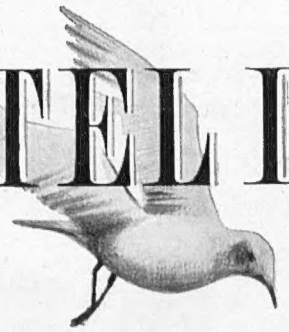


in

ON my desk lies a small leather-bound book, the title of which is almost indecipherable, for, published 145 years ago, many must have handled this "Guide to all the Watering and Sea-bathing places" in search of holiday or health resorts. Only six "sea-bathing" places are described in the whole of Devon and Cornwall, and the twelve-mile curve of Torbay is dismissed in as many lines.

It was under this caption that I now quote "Here in a retiring cove stands Torquay, a little fishing village which has recently become a bathing-place . . . in romantic beauty and picturesque scenery it cannot be surpassed, and those who can dispense with assembly rooms and fashionable dissipations may well pass a few weeks in the summer at this sequestered spot with satisfaction."

Kennack Sands, near Kuggar, Cornwall

Other days, other modes, Torquay to-day not only caters for all purses, but for youth and old age, for regattas and conferences, as well as honeymoons, and at every season of the year she is in tune with the mood and the hour.

Torquay is no longer a fishing village "in a retiring cove"; if it were it would not enjoy its present-day popularity, for, for everyone who seeks the small retreats, there are a hundred who prefer the resort proper. There is more in the way of entertainment and excursion. For instance, from Sidmouth, in East Devon, whole-day motor-coach trips will enable you to see the West Country as a whole, and, of course, the same remarks apply to Sidmouth's near neighbours Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth.

Lynmouth, Lynton and Ilfracombe take good care of those who would like to holiday in North Devon, while in Cornwall the towns are strategically placed according to your desires, viz., Falmouth for her beaches, and the beauties of the Fal and Helford Rivers; Penzance and St. Ives for the Land's End and Lizard explorations, and excursions to the Scilly Isles, and Newquay for surf-bathing and the rugged north-west coast. Nor must I omit Paignton, Torquay's next-door neighbour.

Yet if you do seek sequestration I can name some places where you will find an escape hatch from everyday life, especially if you plan a spring or autumn holiday. In Devon I would choose Salcombe (South Sands), Newton Ferrers on the Yealm (postal address Plymouth), and in North Devon—Mortehoe, Saunton Sands and as country-cum-sea headquarters for some quite unspoilt beauty spots, Sidbury near Sidmouth, and Horns Cross, near Bideford.

Cornwall abounds in coves, but, alas, there is not always that essential accompaniment a good hotel, or, as my 1810 guide-book friend would have written, "agreeable lodgings." So I will but name those tucked-away spots where I have lodged with satisfaction: Mullion Cove, near the Lizard, and though not really coves, Downderry with a fine expanse of seascape (postal address Torpoint, Cornwall), Carlyon Bay near St. Austell, Prah Sands, near Penzance, overlooking Mounts Bay, Portloe, Veryan, Pendower and St. Mawes—just a few unspoilt delights in the Roseland Peninsula of South Cornwall.

VERIES

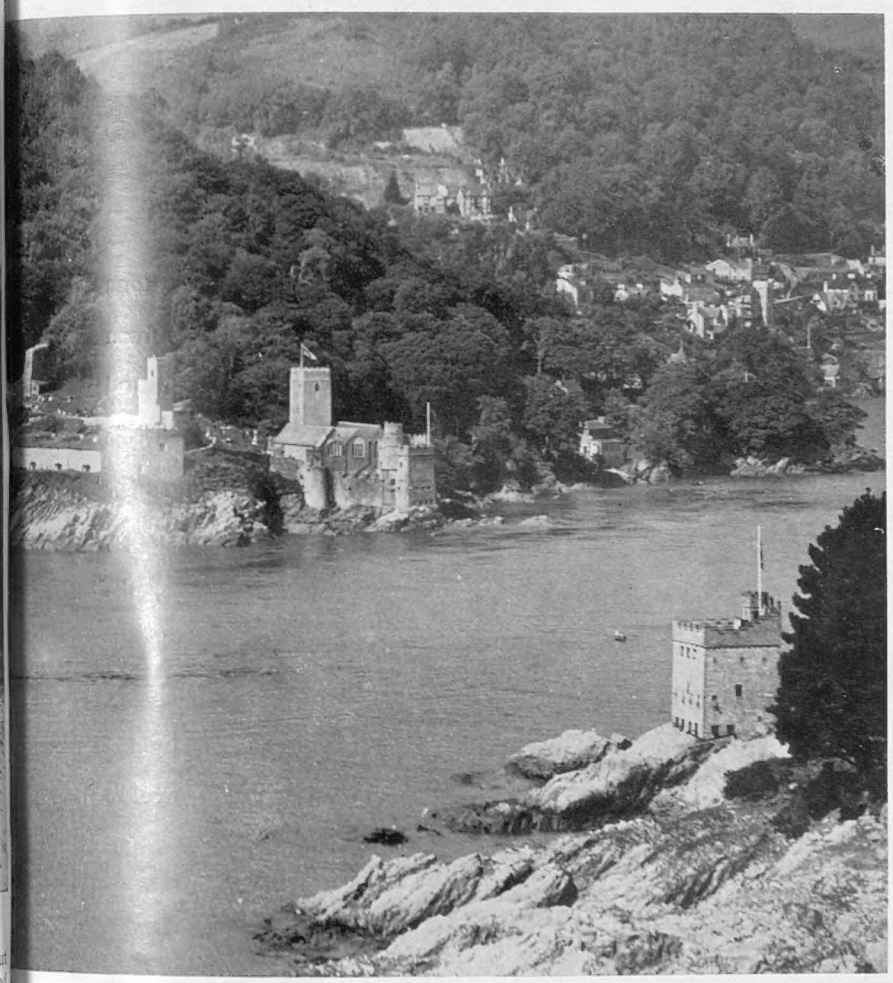
Devon and Cornwall

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

Then, on the West Cornish coast, north of Newquay, make a note of Harlyn Bay and Treyarnon Bay, and the two Polzeaths north of the River Camel. If, however, it is quaintness you seek, then Looe, Mousehole, St. Ives and Bodinnick, near Fowey, warrant your attention.

But coastal resorts are not by any means the only attractions of Devon and Cornwall. Some of my readers will be seeking fishing facilities, and though I cannot promise the fish, among places where there are hotels offering fishing, as well as comfort and good food, are Hatherleigh, Honiton, Lifton, Tavistock, Milton Damerel, and on Dartmoor, where scenery and sport are inseparable, Chagford, Hexworthy, Haytor and Two Bridges.

Many readers may be contemplating a motor tour of Devon and Cornwall, and while it is easy enough to map out a route embracing the coastline, much can be missed by pursuing a circular route. My feeling is that it would be better to choose



Kingswear and Dartmouth Castles

one or more centres, viz., for Devon, Exeter is strategically placed, and those who prefer to stay outside the city will find an excellent hotel at Pinhoe, a small guest-house at Cheriton Bishop on the A.30 Exeter to Okehampton Road, or at Chagford. Then for Cornwall, I would advocate Falmouth and neighbourhood.

Motorists contemplating such a tour, however, are specially advised to avoid the high season, for otherwise they will have the greatest difficulty in getting accommodation. In any case, May and June are the best months for car travel in any experience, for the roads are not congested, the evenings are lighter, the weather often better, and the hotels can give more personal service.

I have not attempted to recommend this or that hotel in this article, though I can vouch for every one which appears on these pages, in that they are all personally known to me.

I would particularly like to stress that the Lynton-Lynmouth areas are rapidly recoving from the disastrous floods of three years ago. It was a calamity which had never occurred before, nor likely to happen again, in that the very latest ideas in road engineering and drainage have been utilised to anticipate the possible ravages of nature.

I emphasise these points because human memories in matters of disaster are not, unfortunately, fickle—but exaggeratedly long-lived.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2*

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Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, April 16, 1955. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.